

LORD GOSCHEN AND HIS FRIENDS

By the same Author :

CLOSE OF AN ERA

MELBA, AN UNCONVENTIONAL BIOGRAPHY

I HOPE THEY WON'T MIND

VICTORIAN PORTRAITS

AUTHORIZED LIFE OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON

THE STRANGE HISTORY OF LORD GEORGE GORDON

GEORGIAN PORTRAITS

THE FUTURE OF FAITH



LORD GOSCHEN

LORD GOSCHEN AND HIS FRIENDS

(The Goschen Letters)

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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

DURING Queen Victoria's long reign only one statesman, of the many who came into personal contact with her, gained her confidence and friendship to a greater extent than Lord Goschen, the exception being, of course, her beloved Disraeli.

It might, therefore, be expected that many letters from Her Majesty to Lord Goschen would be included in this book. The truth is that although Queen Victoria was an indefatigable correspondent she was by no means always an interesting one. Many of her letters were extraordinarily dull and only a few appear here. An examination of the published letters of Victoria proves that although they were very characteristic of that remarkable woman, they are on the whole monotonous. Three volumes of her letters were published soon after her death. Others which appeared in book form were edited by Lord Esher and A. C. Benson in 1907. More recently we had Arthur Ponsonby's life of his father, Sir Henry Ponsonby, which contains many of the letters she wrote to him when he was her private secretary. When she was not writing about her family and domestic affairs generally, or mourning her unhappy widowed state, she was railing against the great political personalities who had incurred her displeasure. To take but a few of those whom she dealt with without ceremony: Palmerston, Lord Derby, Labouchere ("that dreadful man"), and last but not by any means least—Gladstone! She pursued Gladstone with a vindictive animosity which seems almost incredible. Yet Gladstone not only respected the Queen, he venerated her and could never understand why she disliked him. He was a great statesman and a great man, and it still remains something of a mystery why Victoria could see little or no good in him.

I have no doubt that some readers will say that a great many of the letters from all kinds of people that I have included in this book are not of any particular interest. There are no political or social revelations; no scandal or gossip; none of the disclosures "published for the first time," and which are expected and indeed so often made in books of this kind. Readers who expect that sort of thing will be disappointed. The truth is that the Goschens lived an active but remarkably well-ordered life. They were never involved in any political or social scandals nor were they interested in such things. Lord Goschen was a hard-working, zealous public servant with a very high sense of duty. His wife was perfectly attuned to him. They had a host of friends in the political, social

and artistic worlds who delighted in visiting them and entertaining them. Their contacts with the famous people of the time were what one may describe as of a gentle and amiable kind. Nothing shows this fact more clearly than the letters selected for publication in this book. They are all admittedly very ordinary and yet who will deny the charm of many of them.

Personally, I like letters from famous people which catch them, so to speak, *en pantoufles*. It is pleasant to read of Bulwer Lytton—whom Disraeli thought so selfish and conceited—asking a favour for his young friend; to find famous poets and writers, also noted for their love of social life, enjoying their favourite hobby; to notice that a Secretary of State signs an intimate letter with his nickname; to mark the difference between the warm friendliness of King Edward and the formal coldness of a bitter Irish politician, and to admire the modesty of the great when honours are forced upon them.

Several of the letters have already appeared in the Hon. Arthur D. Elliott's *Life of Lord Goschen* (Longmans, 1911), to which interesting work the Editor is also indebted for a good deal of general information regarding Lord Goschen and the political events of the period.

Alas! the statesmen have all of them long been out of office, the pleasant social functions are over, the guests departed, the lights out; the laurels of those whom Oxford delighted to honour are withered, the actors are resting.

“Les petites marionnettes font, font, font
Trois petits tours, et puis s'en vont.”

The Editor has to express his humble thanks to His Majesty the King for allowing the publication of the letters from Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. He also thanks the Right Honourable Winston Churchill, M.P., the Earl of Derby and Viscount Gladstone for permission to use letters. He is indebted to Mr. Pepper of the Winchester Public Library for help in obtaining books, to Mr. Dennis Murphy, for his excellent translations of Schiller's, Klopstock's, and Röntgen's letters, and to Viscount Goschen for his unfailing kindness and help.

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INTRODUCTION

LORD GOSCHEN AND HIS VICTORIAN SETTING

BY SIR SHANE LESLIE, BART.

THERE was a blissful time when from the plains of three Counties Britons could look up at the distant massif of Windsor Castle and breathe the air of golden security. While Queen Victoria reigned Consols were steady, God was clearly in His Heaven and all was right with the world !

Around the Queen were ranged the great Victorians like Archangels and Seraphim. Unfortunately in the Queen's opinion some of these Archangels were fallen ones : such as Charles Dilke and Joe Chamberlain and Gladstone. But most certainly amongst the good ones was Lord Goschen. He rose to be a distinguished and decorous figure in her favour. To an extent his friends shared in that golden sunlight.

Apart from being a steady financier and a sage Parliamentary, he came to the Queen's rescue when Lord Randolph Churchill rather suddenly, rather rudely, left her Exchequer to look after itself. So the good Lord Goschen became Chancellor of the Exchequer and later Chancellor of Oxford. He could indeed have sat as a model for Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice" while Lord Randolph would have revelled in personifying "The Idle Apprentice", which is exactly what he was.

Mr. Colson has collected a great amount of literary debris surviving from an industrious life which has already yielded volumes of rich biography. Where he was only confronted by short letters, Diary extracts and sometimes little more than signatures he has drawn on his own stock of social memoranda. This is a perfectly fair and certainly amusing way of writing about such a period as the Victorian.

Lord Goschen has become a shadowy figure but in his day he was a pillar of state and a friend in whom the Queen trusted. His name is buried under Consols and Loans and it is difficult to find the meretricious anecdotes, the sharp sayings and brilliant gossips which have assisted so many less solid characters to survive in memories and memorials. However, every distinguished Victorian mentioned has inspired Mr. Colson to ransack his stock of dinner stories and though Lord Goschen may not have approved of them, they will serve to interest the jaded modern reader. We may be certain that Lord

Goschen would have chosen out of a different stock when he found himself summoned to amuse the Queen, who was proverbially unamusable.

Books like these enable one to estimate not merely the gulf but the transfiguring scenery which has passed between the Victorian and the present scene.

Behind the Victorian curtain there were fewer characters and great men but great they were. Even the outcasts and criminals then were unique and distinct in their manner compared to the herds of the light-fingered who prey in these times on the hordes of the light-hearted and the light-living generations between and after Wars.

Bishops, statesmen, ministers, poets, novelists are all fashioned out of very similar moulds. The Victorians of eminence were seemingly each hand-stamped by their Creator. Each was a Model not to be repeated. To-day mass-production applies even to those who rise to distinction above the masses.

Take the clearest example of all. During the last quarter century of the Nineteenth there were exactly three P.B's. or Professional Beauties : Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Cornwallis West. To-day the first hundred Beauties could be put in the same class closely followed by the first ten thousand women and girls whom cosmetics and Beauty Shops have made singularly but similarly attractive. No wonder, as the Divorce Courts show, that husbands frequently mistake the wives of others for their own.

The world we live in swarms with financiers, experts on Loans, Treasury Officials and writers on every phase of the distribution of money. But in steadier and more stately days great financial minds were few like a Ricardo, a Griffin or a Goschen.

There was a certain sanctity attached to permanent income, the price of Consols and that solidity of coin which was freely distributed in gold. Over this social and economical paradise Lord Goschen temporarily ruled to the huge pleasure and assent of Queen Victoria.

The City, the Treasury and the House of Commons knew him as a National Accountant who could be relied upon. During his long and successful life he made no mistakes. He was too wise to be brilliant and avoided the short-cuts and long shots associated with genius. In fact Victorians believed genius in any shape was queer if not utterly wrong.

World tragedy—wars and fallen thrones, American Loans and bread rationing in Merrie England—all these were inconceivable in Goschen's England. Wars were so minute, disasters (except on

railways) were so few and heroes as scarce as white ravens. The Victorian heroes could be counted on the fingers such as Lord Cardigan, General Gordon, David Livingstone. In our days we brush hundreds of heroes unwittingly in train or bus. What remains of the Empire is densely populated with the remnant of the heroes of two gigantic wars.

But neither the heroic nor the tragical figured in Lord Goschen's life. Extracts from his Diaries show the trend of that valuable life and honest sense of values.

For instance :

"Oct. 1890. Consols lower than they have been since I have been in office and the Treasury Bills bear a higher interest—not very comfortable.

"Thurs. Oct. 16. Consols down to 94 $\frac{1}{4}$. All sorts of rumours about the biggest houses. Oh for Milner!"

Consols of course, give the temperature of the British Empire.

Milner was Goschen's private secretary. In fact it could be said that Goschen would be remembered for that reason. But Goschen was not the man to be forgotten either in his living or posthumously. Lord Randolph Churchill forgot him once to his great regret: in fact he would never have resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer had he foreseen that Goschen was waiting to be moved into his place. Otherwise there was no-one who could take the Treasury. So in time it came that Randolph's tragic life and death lifted him higher and more vividly in British biography than the good and reliable Goschen. It was even possible one day to say that Goschen would be remembered as the man whom Lord Randolph forgot! Lord Goschen was a good instance of the contrast chanted in the Eton Boating Song :

"Rugby may be more clever
Harrow may make more noise."

He was a clever boy who could stand the rough and tumble of the Victorian public school, and if he could undergo the schooldays of British Tom Brown's this descendant of the best German intelligent stock was bound to achieve success. It seems extraordinary that he has been forgotten as a Victorian for unfortunately for his modern fame he never figured in a *Cause Célèbre* during his lifetime nor did

he appeal to Mr. Lytton Strachey after death. By a happy chance his literary remains have passed to the consideration of Mr. Percy Colson who as a playful *littérateur* has more than once succeeded in investing rather dull but very worthy Georgians and contemporaries with an amusing interest and some of their posthumous deserts.

VISCOUNT GOSCHEN OF HAWKHURST

THE subject of this sketch was, as were several famous figures of the Victorian era—including, indeed, Queen Victoria herself—of German origin. Not, *bien entendu*, the vulgar, Prussianized Germany which, under Bismarck and that neurotic mountebank, Kaiser Wilhelm II, became a menace to the entire civilized world, and Public Nuisance Number 1, but the more gracious and happier Germany of small states, ruled by their hereditary Princes, Grand Dukes and Landgraves. The Germany of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and Kant, of Schumann and Mendelssohn, of peaceful, half-medieval little cities and villages, whose frugal hard-working inhabitants were quite content with their uneventful lives, their excellent wine and beer and the music for which their country was then famous.

The earliest known ancestor of the Goschen family was a worthy Protestant parish clergyman, who flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but the first of the clan to make his mark was Georg Joachim Goschen, grandfather of the statesman, who was named after him. He set up as a publisher at Leipzig in 1785, and published the first complete edition of Goethe's works. He was for a long time the housemate of Schiller and he came into contact with all the great personalities of that golden age of German literature and thought, the scholars of the University of Jena and the Weimar School of men of letters. He also corresponded with Walter Scott and supplied books to Edinburgh University. His third son, William Henry, settled in England in 1814, married an English wife and founded an English family. William Henry, who was both intellectual and extremely musical, had keen business ability. With a Bremen friend, he founded the firm of Frülling and Goschen, merchant brokers. It prospered exceedingly and soon became a power in City finance.

William Henry Goschen's eldest son, George, the future statesman, was born on August 10, 1831, at Stoke Newington, at that time two and a half miles from London. It was, however, beginning to lose its rural charm, so soon after George's birth the family migrated to Eltham, then a pretty village about nine miles from the City, to which two stage-coaches ran daily. When nine years old little George was sent to Blackheath Proprietary School, riding there

and back on his pony—to the great envy of his small school-fellows. His father intended him to enter the business, so when he was eleven, sent him to school in Germany to learn French and German, then, as now, so difficult to acquire in England, where to be able to *speak* as well as read a foreign language is not considered either necessary, or indeed, quite nice. This part of his education accomplished, George, now fourteen, went to Rugby.

He was not very happy there at first ; his German name and schooling told against him. He was laughed at and bullied, and not being a “Tom Brown,” hated the rough and tumble of the famous school. A hundred years ago public-schoolboys lived very Spartan lives and conditions at Rugby were notoriously hard on sensitive boys. However, he stuck it out, and a year later wrote to his mother :

How glad I am that I did not leave Rugby, but stood all the disagreeable worries, etc., which so long made me wretched enough. Last half I certainly was comfortable, but I could perceive that the *élite* hardly considered me as one of their number. Now, having after all a little bit of pride in me, this mortified me and brought unpleasant feelings, which perhaps embittered my life a little. This, thank goodness, has altered considerably, and I now seem quite to belong to all the rest of the preposters.

Dr. Arnold had done very little to civilize the school. “I can still see,” wrote an old Rugby boy, “two pacific scholarly boys, with poor conceptions of the act of self-defence, fighting sixty years ago ‘behind the chapel’ with cumbrous ineptitude ; for no cause at all except to amuse the ring. One lived to be a distinguished Headmaster for forty years, first at Manchester Grammar School, and then St. Paul’s School, London ; whilst the other was Goschen, younger by a year, but stronger and more determined. They hit wildly, staggering about, and in a few minutes Goschen was the victor.” At football Goschen played “forward,” slow but persistent. But he was too good at work ever to be really popular in the schoolboy world. “You will go very far,” he wrote to his mother, “before you will find a ‘swot’ who is popular.” *Plus ça change !*

Until Goschen’s last year at Rugby, the Headmaster was the celebrated Dr. Tait, who became Archbishop of Canterbury. The School, of course, made Tait a parting gift when he left,¹ and a boy named Jex Blake—who afterwards became famous in scholastic

¹ He had been made Dean of Carlisle.

and ecclesiastical circles—was appointed treasurer of the fund for its purchase. There were many suggestions as to the nature of the gift, but Goschen's choice was agreed to. "Give him a piece of plate," he said. "Our piece of silver will be on Tait's sideboard as Dean, as Bishop and as Archbishop," a prediction fulfilled to the letter.

Both Jex Blake and Goschen distinguished themselves at Rugby. Both of them on leaving went up to Oxford and both competed for a scholarship at University College, Jex Blake just beating Goschen by a head. One of the examiners was the brilliant and witty Arthur Stanley, who in after years became Dean of Westminster. Stanley was one of the worst writers in the world, Goschen being another. After he—Goschen—became famous, Jex Blake wrote: "Few boys ever wrote better sense in several languages in a worse hand than Goschen." In this respect he steadily got worse and worse and in his latter years he might have spelt as he chose, for no one could have affirmed with any certainty how many "l's" he might have put in "although."

Nothing daunted by his failure to win the scholarship at University College, Goschen tried for one at Trinity—and again failed. Great was his mortification, but he realized that "scholarship was not his *forte*" as one of the examiners said of him. So he became a commoner at Oriel College, where he spent three very happy years, taking full part in the delightful activities of that city of enchantment and becoming first treasurer and later president of the Union. There, needless to say, he was quite in his element. Of that period his friend, Franck Bright, writes :

It was not till we met at Oxford that I really knew him at all intimately. The early death of my brother (a most attractive person) just at that time seemed to make me the heir of his friendship, and from that time onwards my intimacy with Goschen was established. The next clear picture I have of him is in his rooms at Oxford, whither he had preceded me, and where he gave me hospitality while I was up for my matriculation. The gravity of the subjects discussed in his rooms, and the lightness with which they were touched made a very vivid impression upon my school-boy mind. He had already collected about him many of those with whom he lived intimately during his college time. Beck, an old Rugby friend, F. Longe from Harrow, Charles Pearson, C. E. Johnson (of Exeter), and others. A better example of the more intellectual side of Oxford undergraduate life could scarcely be afforded than that furnished by his room that night. And so

always the conversation in his company invariably touched on serious and important matters. He was as far as possible from priggishness. His sense of humour was quite unusually strong, his tolerance of folly and boyishness (I do not think of stupidity) was very marked. He was what the slang of the day calls thoroughly "human", and he enjoyed to the full the lighter side of college life.

After leaving Oxford—as a double-first, by the way—young Goschen joined his father's business, and celebrated his emancipation by becoming engaged to a very charming girl, a Miss Lucy Dalley. His father made no objection, but insisted on his proving his mettle before he set up housekeeping. So he sent him to South America to look after the interests of the firm in New Granada, now merged with the United States of Colombia. This mission George accomplished with complete success and on his return to England two years later, he married his Lucy and for more than forty years they lived an ideally happy life together.

On his return to London he soon began to show the grasp of finance which was afterwards to serve him so well. For a few years he worked hard for the firm, becoming at the early age of twenty-seven a Director of the Bank of England. No wonder that he was called in the City the "Fortunate Youth." In 1861 he published a book, *The Theory of the Foreign Exchange*, which ran rapidly through a number of editions and was translated into several languages. This, and his essays on financial questions, gave him a place among the best experts of the day.

But notwithstanding his success in the City, he was not satisfied. A political, not a business, career had always been his ambition and his father put no difficulties in his way, though pointing out the very great financial sacrifice it would entail. Opportunity soon came. In 1863 the Member for the City of London died, and through two old friends, colleagues at the Bank of England, his name was proposed and accepted as a candidate in the Liberal interest.

I owed my introduction to political life [wrote Lord Goschen some forty years afterward] to two of my colleagues at the Bank of England, my old faithful friends, Robert Crawford and Kirkman Hodgson, splendid specimens of the British Merchant, cultivated, versed in all the higher questions both of commercial and banking finance, and wielding an exceptional influence in the City. Crawford was himself a Member for the City, in conjunction with Baron Lionel Rothschild and Alderman William Lawrence. At this distance of time I can still vividly recall my unbounded astonish-

ment when my two friends came to my Office with the suggestion that I should stand for the City of London. Though from early days Westminster had been the goal of my hopes, I had never dreamt that the opening would come so soon, or in so brilliant a form. My candidature was submitted with those of two other men at a representative meeting of Liberals held at the London Tavern. One of the names put forward was that of Benjamin Phillips, a very influential Alderman, afterwards one of the best and most eloquent of Lord Mayors. I specially remember the scene on account of a horrible mistake into which I fell. When the name of Mr. Phillips came up for discussion, I asked the man who was sitting beside me, "Who is this Phillips?" "I am Alderman Phillips," was the crushing reply; not an auspicious beginning for the young aspirant on the eve of an electoral adventure which would bring him into contact with the great dignitaries of the City Corporation.

Goschen was elected and took his seat in the House of Commons in June, 1863. His father was delighted and wrote:

. . . This is such an epoch in your life as may well be dwelt upon as most momentous. Politics have been adopted by you as an occupation for life. You have taken for ever your political side, published your sentiments to the world, and more especially to your electors. Henceforth you have to act up to such declarations, and they are unusually precise and extensive, and advanced in a certain direction. I dare say less would not have done in the City, but pardon me for saying that I am sorry you were obliged to confess your convictions, whatever they are, so fully; for it must be very hard if political convictions and sentiments should remain perfectly unaltered and unmodified, whilst so many other no less important convictions and sentiments suffer great modification as we grow older, and with this view it is confoundedly hard to be compelled to declare at the age of thirty-two, what one thinks, and is clearly convinced of, by which one is held for a lifetime. . . . Another matter which has occupied my mind nearly from the beginning is this. This Parliament will not live much longer. At the next General Election you must desire, strive hard to the utmost, to be re-elected. You will wish to prove that you are worthy to be re-elected, which probably, you will think, cannot be achieved by mere voting. . . .

At the time Goschen entered the House, Lord Palmerston's Second Administration had been four years in power and its days were numbered. The Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament in 1865 was described by Lord Derby as "the message of an aged Minister to a moribund Parliament." The Houses were prorogued in July, and at the General Election Palmerston again had a majority, Goschen being re-elected for the City of London and heading the poll. Lord Palmerston—who had been Gladstone's predecessor as thorn in the flesh in chief to Queen Victoria—died before the new Parliament met and was succeeded by Lord John Russell, with Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Goschen, during his short time in Parliament, had greatly distinguished himself, so much so that Lord John invited him to enter his Administration as Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Promotion, which, we are told, cometh neither from the East nor the West, came to him from all quarters, and when the new Leader of the House—Mr. Gladstone—took his seat in February, 1866, Goschen, who had seen only two and a half Sessions of Parliament, sat beside him, a Privy Councillor, a Cabinet Minister and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Another famous statesman, Lord Hartington—afterwards Duke of Devonshire—entered the Cabinet on the same day, as Secretary of State for War. It is interesting to note that Goschen learned the official notification of his own accession to Cabinet rank through reading it in the morning papers.

During the 1864 Session, Goschen took up a strong position on the subject of "Religious Texts" which were passionately disputed during the Sessions of 1863–1864 and 1865. At that time you could not take the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford unless you were prepared to swallow whole the Thirty-Nine Articles and to accept the thirty-sixth canon which involved assent to the entire contents of the Prayer Book. Gladstone, a narrow, bigoted Churchman, fought tooth and nail for the *status quo*. Goschen was all for reform. When it was urged that to admit Dissenters would disturb the ancient peace of the conservative medieval city, he said that a little less repose was just what Oxford needed and that it would benefit both Church and University. His views aroused the anger of Lord Robert Cecil with whom—as Marquess of Salisbury—he was to be so long and so intimately associated.

Another *passage d'armes* was with the famous Cobden. Goschen had presented him with a copy of his *Theory of Foreign Exchanges* and Cobden, in acknowledging the gift, took him to task for some criticism Goschen had ventured to make in a speech on "the conduct of Mr. Bright and myself." He wrote to Goschen :

I am told by a friend who was present, was the interpretation put on it by the Opposition, who received it with loud cheers. This is not the first time that in your public utterances you have appeared to go out of your way to dissociate yourself from us and those who act with us—a course which has appeared to me the more uncalled for, inasmuch as I am not aware that we ever sought your co-operation, or solicited you in any way to identify yourself with our views or proceedings. This course appears to me still further open to remark when I consider that—assuming you to be true to your profession at the hustings—in nine cases out of ten, you and I and Mr. Bright will be found voting, on divisions, in the same lobby. On all great issues we shall be contending against the same political party, and, looking at the powerful influence with which we have to contend, and the difficulty of effecting the reforms which we profess to advocate, there is surely sufficient employment for your energies without attacking your nearest allies. Since I have been in Parliament I have made it my invariable study to avoid a public collision with those with whom I generally find myself acting in concert. This is my reason for making this private communication to you. At the same time, to be frank, I am not, I fear, surcharged with meekness, and do not pledge myself not to reciprocate your next public repudiation. I need not say that Mr. Bright can deal a heavy return blow, and they who wantonly assail him, must have full faith in their powers.

Let me be clearly understood as not addressing a mere Whig, with whom I have politically little more in common than with Tories, but one whose profession of faith at the hustings embraced the chief tenets of radicalism.

I will add, as the result of my experience in the House that there is nothing more seductive to a new member than an eager hearing which a many-sided criticism is sure to command for him. Friends and opponents are equally on the *qui vive* not knowing where the censure may fall. But this in the long run leads to isolation in which no man can accomplish any important object, for he loses his influence when absorbing issues are at stake, and passes almost out of view at the decisive struggle of parties. Fire ships, which endanger friend and foe, are cast aside when the great contest takes place in close line of battle. I have in my mind's eye two members of the House whose position illustrates my meaning. With very superior Parliamentary powers, and a career of thirty years of public life, no one knows where to find them, and they will leave no trace of themselves as the prominent and successful advocates of any legislative measure. I make no apology

for this frankness. It is the very least that you must have been preparing to expect.

Goschen's reply was equally frank.

DEAR MR. COBDEN,

I think I am right in supposing that your letter to me was dictated on the whole by a friendly spirit. Your advice about the danger of isolation and certain temptations which you describe as besetting new members seems to me to afford the key to your whole letter, which I therefore consider to be one addressed by an old and experienced member of Parliament to an inexperienced novice. You must not think, however, that any words which I used in my speech on the Address were used hastily or inconsiderately to secure that "eager hearing" which you say is so seductive. I felt myself in a dilemma into which many Liberals have been put. They must either leave untouched many most important topics in which they are deeply interested, or if they touch them (without some such protest as I made) be considered to share those views which Mr. Bright has so often and so strongly expressed as to the motives and intentions of the governing classes, views which I must honestly confess appear to me most dangerous.

You say that it is not the first time that I have dissociated myself from yourself and your friends. The fact is that there is a very great difference between us on two points; on the foreign policy of the country, and on the language to be held with regard to the relations between different classes in this country. You argue, or seem to argue, that my "professions" as you call them on the hustings established practical identity between my political creed and that of the party to which you belong. "I embraced," you say, "the principal tenets of radicalism," and you seem to indicate that the line I am taking is inconsistent with my professions. I hope that I am mistaken in this, but several expressions in your letter point to that conclusion. I stick both in the letter and in the spirit to every word I uttered at my election. In home politics we should generally, I believe, as you suggest, vote in the same lobby. But it seems to me that while we agree as to the end, we should differ exceedingly as to the means. Mr. Bright believes, if I am not mistaken, in a degree of selfishness on the part of the governing classes which in my humble opinion is a libel on them, and I feel so strongly on this point that even when we may both have the same object in view, I cannot work towards that end without declining my share in what I think a libel. It is the similarity of our views on so many



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

points which would lead others infallibly to the conclusion that I shared the views of Mr. Bright as to the relations and feelings of different classes to each other, unless I made a protest. The fact that you seemed to think that from the identity of our views on many points I had so clearly associated myself with your party, that any criticism was rather treacherous, shows me that others probably might have believed also that we thought alike on all matters, and consequently that any allusion made to the working classes or to pauper populations without explanation would have been thought to have been made in the spirit of Mr. Bright's views as to the position of the rich.

Thus I did not go out of my way, as you say, in making the allusion which you criticise so severely. On the contrary, it was the only way open to me out of the dilemma which I have endeavoured to point out to you. Do me the justice to believe that my political convictions are both warm and sincere, and that in your letter there is really a more severe attack upon me than any which I have made.

Possibly I may be incorrect in my interpretation of Mr. Bright's opinions, and I can assure you it would give me most sincere pleasure to find I was in error. Your own services to the country in so many respects have been so eminent that it would on most occasions be an honour to fight by your side. The frankness of your letter has demanded equal frankness from me and therefore I have not hesitated to be outspoken. In using the phrase "your party" I mean the same as you mean when you say "us and those who act with us."

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE GOSCHEN.

It was a short-lived Administration and was followed by the equally short one of Lord Derby and Disraeli. A General Election in 1868 returned Gladstone to power with a majority of over a hundred and Goschen was included in his Cabinet as President of the Poor Law Board. In 1871 behold him First Lord of the Admiralty and he soon became one of the most important political figures of the day.

Greatly, however, as Goschen admired the brilliant qualities of Mr. Gladstone—with whom, be it said, his relations were always cordial in the extreme—his respect for that supremè political juggler gradually lessened as time went on. When Gladstone came back to power in 1880 he, Goschen, accepted the mission of Ambassador Extraordinary to Constantinople, where he added considerably to his reputation by his adroit handling of the Montenegrin and Greek

Frontier Question, but on his return to England he became rather a critic than a supporter of his chief. A rupture was bound to come sooner or later and it was precipitated by Gladstone's Irish Policy. Goschen was in violent opposition to the Home Rule Bill and did much to bring about its defeat in 1886. In 1887 he joined Lord Salisbury's Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer and remained at the Treasury until the fall of the Government in 1892. Three years later, when Lord Salisbury returned to power, he invited Goschen to again undertake the Chancellorship, but he (Goschen) was strongly impressed with the need for strengthening the Navy and preferred to go back to his old love, the Admiralty. Five years of hard work under difficult conditions saw a great expansion of our naval power. Goschen benefited enormously by Lord George Hamilton's splendid work in Lord Salisbury's 1887 Ministry.

Goschen had now won every prize that political life has to offer, short of the premiership. He had never been a strong man and had suffered seriously from his very defective eyesight, and at the General Election of 1900 he did not seek re-election, having decided to retire from politics. He was raised to the peerage as Viscount Goschen of Hawkhurst. On Lord Goschen's retirement, he devoted himself to literary work. He wrote the biography of his grandfather, a fascinating portrait of literary life in those far-away days in the old Germany, and was writing his own memoirs when, in 1907, and apparently in the best of health, mental and physical, he died suddenly of heart failure.

Although no statesman was more respected and trusted than Goschen, he never became a popular figure with the masses. He had neither the exotic fascination of Disraeli, nor Gladstone's histrionic and oratorical genius. Then, too, his personality did not lend itself to a nickname. To be known to the world by a nickname generally indicates the possession of some marked characteristic, pleasing or otherwise. Schoolboys have an uncanny knack of hitting on names which exactly fit those on whom they are bestowed. They were very common in the close, intimate social and political worlds of the early and mid-nineteenth century. Though it is quite likely that Lord Brougham, Lord Bexley and Bishop Wilberforce did not enjoy being called respectively "Beelzebub," "Mouldy" and "Soapy Sam," their reputations certainly did not suffer in consequence and there is no doubt that Disraeli ("Dizzy"), Gladstone (the "G.O.M."), Lord Randolph Churchill ("Randy") and Labouchere ("Labby") turned their nicknames into political capital.

Then, again, Goschen was no self-advertiser, and he was, unfortunately, not a great natural orator—though on occasions his oratory

achieved greatness. He had little personal magnetism, nor did he possess that adroit trickiness which enables so many heroes of the hustings to outvie Janus and face not only two ways, but in every likely direction, and at the same time persuade both themselves and their audience that they are burning with patriotism and sincerity. But if Goschen was not a great speaker he was a first-class debater and was in his element at big, turbulent political meetings. On such occasions he was a match for his most violent hecklers. And not even his most determined opponents ever questioned his honesty, courage and love of country.

Goschen's great financial genius never had full play, as during the years in which he held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer—he was responsible for six Budgets—there were no national crises: all that was necessary at that prosperous period was prudence and commonsense. Curiously enough, notwithstanding Goschen's financial ability, he much preferred the Admiralty. His wide knowledge of foreign countries, their politics and national idiosyncrasies taught him to realize that the only security for England lay in her naval supremacy, and thus he was able to accomplish work of lasting value.

He was a loyal colleague and friend in public life, but it was in private life that he was at his best. His love of literature and the stage attracted to him numberless friends, to whom his hospitality was boundless. Children, too, adored him, and probably no public man ever had a happier family life.

The present Lord Goschen inherited his father's social charm. As Governor of Madras he was one of the most successful and popular pro-Consuls England has ever sent to India, and as Viceroy and Acting Governor-General during an interregnum he and his delightful wife—now, alas, no more—brilliantly upheld the dignity of the great position.

Goschen's handwriting, as I have said, was not the easiest in the world to decipher. The letter we reproduce is a good example of his cryptic correspondence.

SEACOX HEATH,
HAWKHURST.
Nov. 16.

DEAR MR. MATHESON,

I have heard from the Vice-Chancellor about plural voting and quite understand the views of the Hebdomadal Council and their reservations. Between ourselves I doubt very much whether the Lords will read the bill a second time. I read with much interest what you told me about T. Brassey's plans. Doubtless I shall hear more about them when I am at the Deanery next week.

ob

STATIONS,
ETCHINGHAM & HAWKHURST,
TELEGRAPH, HAWKHURST.

Seacroft Heath,
Hawkhurst.

Nov. 16,

Dear Mr Mathison

I have heard from Mr Vin. (he called
about Oswald Voting, & quite understood
the views of Mr. Halden on the Council
& this reservation.

Between ourselves I doubt very much
any whether Mr. Lord will read Mr
Birk's second time.

I read with much interest what you
told me about T. Browning's plans. Doubtless
I shall hear more about them when I am
at Mr. Deane's next week.

FACSIMILE OF PAGE ONE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY
LORD GOSCHEN

I also read of the prospect of Prof. Findler sitting at Oxford, with pleasure. In the present situation as to the part which modern languages are to play at the University in future, it is of great importance to have men of reputation and position to assist in paving the way with real success. You know that I have always been anxious as to the thorough teaching of modern languages, by which they are not to become a "soft study." Sir W. Anson has spoken to me about the Technological Institute. Oxford and Cambridge wish to have their say as well as The University of London. You tell me that the old universities are anxious to act together. I hear now that a joint deputation to Bristol (?) to be introduced by the two Chancellors is contemplated, a step for which, of course, I should be prepared.

The Trustees of the Eldon Scholarship want me to become their "Visitor". I have only a meagre letter from the Secretary. I suppose it is all right.

Yours sincerely,
GOSCHEN.

CHAPTER II

LETTERS AND THEIR WRITERS

THE Victorian Era may be said to have died slowly during the last years of the reign of King Edward VII—not long ago, reckoned in time. But in the thirty catastrophic years since 1914 so much has happened, so greatly has the entire rhythm of life changed that to the present generation the nineteenth century must seem as remote as the eighteenth, perhaps more remote, for in some ways it is curiously akin to the latter; in its frankness and its lack of prudery, for instance. The literary and artistic culture, however, and what Lytton Strachey calls "the enlightened selfishness" of that admirable and reasonable period, would be as strange to it as would be the peaceful countryside, the material comfort and security and the static state of Victorian England.

The Victorian Age saw the apotheosis of England's power and prosperity. "I have no doubt," wrote Dr. Inge, "that the Elizabethan and the Victorian Ages will appear to the historian of the near future as the twin peaks in which English civilization culminated." Be

that as it may, no two periods in English history have given birth to so many great men, men famous in every field of human endeavour. You cannot dismiss with an indulgent smile an age which produced statesmen of the calibre of Disraeli, Gladstone and Salisbury, whose poets were Tennyson, Browning, Housman, whose literary men included Trollope, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Froude and Wilde, the age of Faraday, Huxley, Spencer, Marconi, Florence Nightingale, Wilberforce, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman. Most of these interesting people seem to have corresponded with the Goschen family. Some letters, of course, are purely political, some are seeking some favour from the influential statesman, others are social letters, or the friendly chit-chat which is so much more self-revealing than anything else one can write. A few of the writers lived on into the present century, but all are now wrapped in the peaceful equality of silence : a state of being which would have been extremely disconcerting to many of the politicians, especially to Mr. Gladstone !

Lord Goschen remained in constant touch with his friends until the end of his life ; he did not have the unhappy experience of that rather sinister celebrity of early Victorian days—Baron Stockmar, the mentor of the Prince Consort, who died when Goschen was about thirty years old. A little while before his death he wrote : "I must confess that I was not prepared for such a miserable old age." To pass the long hours he sorted his letters and papers and could hardly believe he had ever had relations with many of his most distinguished correspondents. The questions of which the letters treated had been solved, solved themselves, or remained unsolved ; the play was over and the actors had gone home.

Going through a collection of old letters is a fascinating occupation, especially the letters of famous men, who lived in a period not too remote from our own.

Letters nowadays, though far shorter, are less formal. In the 'seventies and 'eighties even people who knew each other very well and who belonged to the same set often ended "Yours truly" or "Yours faithfully" and rarely omitted the "Believe me."

Apart from the interest one takes in letters from men who for a little space have been spared the swift oblivion which is the fate of most of us, they are psychologically interesting because of the handwriting itself. The question as to whether handwriting indicates the character of the writer is a much disputed one. In France and Germany it has long been taken seriously, though less so in England and America. Graphologists tell us that it is as certain that no two people write exactly alike as it is certain that their

finger-prints are uniquely their own. Here the reader may well say, "Be that as it may, to try to deduce the character of men so well known as, for instance, Gladstone years after his death is rather like prophesying after the event." True, but even if his career and his actions are familiar to everyone, it cannot be without interest to try to find out the make-up of his *psyche*. We are ready enough to judge people on far less significant manifestations of their characters than their writing.

Many famous people have been firm believers in graphology—among them we find Robert Browning and his wife, Edgar Allan Poe, Sir Walter Scott, St. Beuve, Baudelaire, Goethe and Disraeli. In 1829 Scott wrote in his *Chronicle of Canongate* :

"As I looked at the even, concise, yet tremulous hand in which the manuscript was written, I could not help thinking, according to an opinion I have heard seriously maintained, that something of a man's character may be conjectured from his handwriting. That neat, but crowded and constrained, small hand argued a man of good conscience, well-regulated passions and, to use his own phrase, an upright walk in life, but it also indicated narrowness of spirit, inveterate prejudice, and hinted at some intolerance, which, though not natural to the disposition, had arisen out of a limited education."

Scott goes on to speak of the flourished capital letters as a sign of vanity and says : "I persuaded myself the whole was a complete portrait of the man." Another writer of note, Stefan Zweig, in opening a book exhibition in London, organized by the *Sunday Times*, said :

"A man may lie, simulate, disown himself : a portrait may change or beautify him ; a book can lie and so can a letter, but in one thing a man is inseparably attached to the innermost truth of his nature—in his handwriting. Handwriting betrays a man whether he wants it or not, it is as unique as his personality and sometimes reveals what he conceals . . ." ". . . Handwriting, although it does not reveal everything, *does* reveal the essential—the essence of personality as it were, is given in a tiny abbreviation."

Gainsborough, it is interesting to note, when painting a portrait, kept before him on the easel a letter written by his model. Goethe wrote in 1820, "There can be no doubt that the handwriting of a person has some relation to his mind and character and that from it one may conceive at least some idea of his being and acting, just

as one must recognize not alone appearances and features, but also bearing, voice, even bodily movement as being significant and congruent with the total individuality."

Suetonius in *De Vitae Duodecim Caesarum*, written in A.D. 120, describes at length peculiarities in the writing of Octavius Augustus. Without going so far as Okakura, who said, "Every single stroke of handwriting expresses a whole life," one must treat graphology—regarded in France and Germany as definitely a science—with some respect.

To interpret handwriting with any high degree of accuracy is not easy. The well-known graphologists, H. J. Jacoby and R. Saudek, who have both written extensively on its scientific aspect, tell us that, "the study of graphology requires knowledge of human biology and pathology, psychiatry, study of neuroses, sexology, constitutional and environmental research, furthermore, a knowledge of pedagogy, vocational guidance and criminology," all these being in the nature of auxiliary sciences for its essential purpose, the physiology and the psychological interpretation of handwriting!

But although the amateur student of the subject is hardly likely to be possessed of so thorough an equipment, there are certain broad lines which will enable him to form some idea of the leading characteristics of the writing he wishes to analyse, or at least, to make some lucky guesses. I say guesses, because there are so many pitfalls to avoid, for—as is the case with every man born of woman—one trait is apt to cancel out another and the writing we have condemned as being the niggling small writing of a mean man may, on the contrary, be that of a scientist, a mathematician, or a classical scholar, careful, observant and accustomed to pay great attention to detail. We see this in the writing of two famous men, Faraday—reproduced in facsimile in these pages—and Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol and translator of Plato.

Wide, flowing handwriting is held to show frankness, impetuosity and impatience, big capital letters and flourishes, vanity and the desire to impress, writing sloping very much to the left—a person who is apt to be reflective and to live in the past, the *introvert* type; sloping to the right—just the opposite, the *extrovert*. Then, too, the more letters are connected the greater—generally speaking—is the adaptability and the clearer the thinking and reasoning power of the writer. It is said to be characteristic of many celebrated men to detach their capitals, writing the rest of the word at a dash. Illegible writing may—if it is also *unhurried* writing—be due to selfishness, a want of consideration for others and a contempt for popularity, or—if very uneven and badly formed, to neuroticism.

But illegibility may also be due to the fact that the writer has to write a great number of letters ; this is especially indicated by the signature. The writing of many well-known people is extremely difficult to read.

It is not difficult to deduce the *mood* in which a letter has been written. The writing of a man in a state either of depression or elation is as different as is his way of walking. Mental fatigue, too, is indicated by the tailing away of a word towards the end, unfinished or omitted letters and a general slackness. When the writing is clear, and even in the middle zone, with the ascending and descending strokes of equal length, with no unnecessary flourishes or confusion, one may safely say that the writer is a well-balanced, intelligent person, sure of himself and his place in the world. A small, undistinguished writing is generally that of a small, undistinguished person and often of one who has an inferiority complex. If also pointed, it denotes a cold, severe, unsensual nature with only a limited capacity for enjoyment.

Perhaps some of my readers will be interested enough in the handwriting of a few of the famous personalities whose letters or signatures are reproduced in facsimile, to try to discover how it squares with their careers. They can hardly make mistakes with such extraordinarily characteristic hands as those—for instance—of Gladstone, Tennyson, Anthony Trollope or Henry Irving.

CHAPTER III

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND MR. GOSCHEN

OF all the kings and queens who have reigned over England since the Conquest, two only, Elizabeth and Victoria, have given their names to the periods in which they lived. We speak of the "Elizabethan Age" and the "Victorian Age." Not one other English monarch—however strong his personality, or momentous his reign—has left a like impress on the sands of Time. The periods we call Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Georgian, as the case may be, took their names from dynasties, not from individual rulers.

It may be difficult to understand why Queen Victoria obtained and held throughout her long reign such an extraordinary power and influence over the country and her people. In many ways she

was by no means a remarkable woman. But the circumstances of the time and some strange powers of personality and qualities of judgment she possessed combined to stamp her as an outstanding figure in our history.

This remarkable woman kept her family, her statesmen, the Royal Household and most of the Continental Royal Houses in a state of respectful awe. Her good qualities were many and included all the virtues dear to the hearts of the British middle-class. She was simple, frugal, honest, loyal, entirely unimaginative and full of commonsense, that commonsense which Voltaire said, *n'est pas si commun*. She was religious in the conventional manner of the period, but she disliked enthusiasm, and detested equally the ritual of the "High Church" party and the "prayer meeting" piety of the Evangelicals. She could not, she said, "understand why people wanted to attend services during the week ; surely Sunday, the day set apart for religious observances, should be enough."

Her industry was amazing. Strachey tells us how very early in the morning during the lifetime of the "Ever Lamented" Prince Consort, she would "take her seat at her own writing-table placed side by side with his, she invariably found upon it a neat pile of papers arranged for her inspection and her signature. The day thus begun, continued in unremitting industry." Her likes and dislikes were quite categorical. To quote Strachey again, "when she disliked she did so with an unequivocal emphasis, which swept the object of her repugnance at once and finally outside the pale of consideration, and her feelings of affection were equally unmitigated." This made it extremely difficult for her Ministers. As we know, she hated Palmerston and Gladstone, and adored Lord Melbourne and Disraeli. Mr. Goschen, when towards the end of the century she came into close contact with him politically, she honoured with her warm friendship. Her dislike for Gladstone was proverbial and caused her judgment of his character and policies to be quite unreliable. This dislike—as I have said—is the *leit-motif* of most of her published letters, especially of those to Sir Henry Ponsonby and Goschen.

Her letters, says Stanley, "remind me of a turned-on tap." She had no reticence and when she disliked anyone it was with a dislike so uncompromising that it swept that unfortunate person utterly out of the Royal ken. Of subtlety she knew nothing, and yet "her utterly unliterary style," even indeed the platitudes in which she expressed her thoughts, had a curiously personal idiom.

Her most interesting letters are those in which for a moment she forgets "that deluded old man and his interfering wife" as she

called Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and becomes human and friendly. The following letter (reproduced) concerns the Jubilee Medal of 1887, and shows all her vanity, the natural desire of a woman to be made to look her best and also her intense love of detail.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

June 10th, 1888.

The Queen thanks Mr. Goschen for his letter received yesterday and returns the pattern coin and memodm. by Mr. Freemantle.

She thinks this new design greatly preferable to the one struck last year, especially as to size for the other head was much too small. She regrets the Crown not being on the head.

As regards the likeness, the underlip projects too much and the chin though correct in shape is slightly too short and the eye is not good. It lacks the beauty of workmanship of the original coin. Then she *must* insist on the Imp. being added before D.F. Really there is room for one of her proudest titles while the D.F. is really a most unnecessary one having been given to Henry VIII by the Pope. There is plenty of room for Imp. as well as Reg. and D.F. and the Queen *must insist* on it.

Very sincere and human too is this letter :

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

February 24th, 1897.

The Queen had not a moment to spare yesterday or she would at once have written to Mr. Goschen to ask him to telegraph to Admiral Rawson to express her great admiration of the conduct of the brave men under his command who must all have gone through such a terribly trying time on their march to Benin which was so successfully captured.

The Queen feels so much for them all and is most anxious to hear that the wounded and indeed all are doing well, for this climate, the privations and the horrors they witnessed must have been most fearful.

The Queen deeply grieves for the loss of life.

In one of her letters to Mr. Goschen—not otherwise an interesting letter—she begins in the third person as usual, and then, forgetting her Royal dignity, finishes in the first person. Another



Balmoral Castle.

June 10. 1888.

My Queen thank
 You for the
 his letter recd.
 yesterday & return
 the pleasure I receive
 I received by Mr. Fremantle.

The thanks I
 and desire of
 possible to the
 I trust last year,

is room for one of his
 proudest titles while
 the D. L. is really a
 most commendable one
 having been given
 to Henry VIIIth by the
 Pope. There is plenty
 of room for Imp: as
 well as Reg: ^{& D. L.} & the
Queen must insist
on it. —

friendly letter written on the occasion of a political crisis is very feminine. Goschen was to have an audience of Her Majesty, after which she was receiving other Ministers. She wrote asking him to step down to Lady Ely's room on leaving the Presence and wait there until his colleagues had departed, so that they could have a heart-to-heart chat about affairs. Lady Ely was a Woman of the Bedchamber, not too clever and an inveterate gossip. She served as a sort of domestic Queen's Messenger and retailer of Court chit-chat.

Here is a note the Queen wrote Goschen after his return from a visit to Balmoral.

BALMORAL.

The Queen sends her book and some prints and photographs which she hopes Mr. Goschen will accept as a recollection of his first visit to Balmoral.

September 28, 1870.

Victoria remained Goschen's sincere friend until the end of her life. When in 1886 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer on the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, she wrote :

OSBORNE.

5th January, 1887.

The Queen has delayed till now replying to Mr. Goschen's letter of 28th December. She thanks him now, however, for it and wishes to express her great satisfaction at his having consented to join Lord Salisbury's Government.

Both at home and abroad this will be of immense importance and be a cause of great strength to the Government and the cause of order.

The Queen rejoices to see Mr. Goschen her Chancellor of the Exchequer.

With all her domestic virtues, Victoria could be singularly inconsiderate to her entourage. She would keep her Ladies-in-Waiting standing until they fainted with fatigue, she revelled in the icy north-east winds which English people call "nice bracing weather," she loved cold rooms and open carriages and inflicted them on her luckless attendants, who were obliged to sit shivering beside her when she took long drives in an open carriage in the depth of the

Balmoral.

The Queen sends
her best love & some
^{photographs} prints. I shall
hope W. Goschen
will accept
as a recollection
of her 1st visit
to Balmoral.

Sept. 28. 1870 —

Highland winter. No political crisis would induce her to postpone the date of her annual departure for Balmoral, so Ministers who desired audiences of her had to undertake the long, uncomfortable journey to Scotland, however often it was necessary. And, needless to say, she thoroughly disapproved of fires in bedrooms. Fanny Burney describes admirably the charms of Court life in *her* day ; it was very much the same under good Queen Victoria. "What a life it is !" she writes. "Well ! it's honour ! That's one comfort ; it's all honour, Royal honour. One has to ride till one's stiff and to walk till one's ready to drop and then one makes one's lowest bow, d'y'e see, and blesses one's self for the honour."

Queen Victoria's handwriting is interesting and very characteristic of the august writer. The well-known graphologist, Robert Saudek, illustrates it in his interesting book, *Experiments with Handwriting*.¹ He writes :

"It reveals generosity in the distance between the lines and pronounced parsimony in the use made of space, as the lines begin far back on the left margin and are continued to the end of the right margin. The same parsimony is revealed at the beginning of a new page, which is started right at the top edge, whereas a free space is only tolerated when the letter approaches its signature and the terminating formula is inserted. We are here graphically confronted with the sense of distance which the royal correspondent observed between herself (signature) and the external world and this gains the upper hand over the otherwise pronounced impulse to make full use of all available space."

Perhaps, however, this wish to use all available space is merely an expression of the fashion of her day, which tolerated the detestable habit of crossing letters. But parsimonious she was ! The presents she gave to famous singers and actors who were summoned to perform before her were always chosen with the greatest economy.

Goschen's relations with the Prince of Wales, both as Prince and King—as also with all the Royal Family—were as cordial as were his relations with Queen Victoria. He, like everyone else, succumbed to the charm of Edward's warm, sympathetic personality. The gulf which separated Edward from his formidable mother is strikingly shown in their letters. Victoria wrote to her Ministers with all the formality one would use in a letter of instructions to one's butler ; *he* wrote to them as *friends* and so gained affection as well as loyalty. He invariably answered his own private letters

¹ *Experiments with Handwriting*, London. George Allen and Unwin.

and in words "of so sweet breath composed" that it was a pleasure as well as an honour to receive one from him. Here is a letter he wrote to Goschen at the time the latter was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

March 12/89.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

Many thanks for your kind letter and asking us to dine with you and Mrs. Goschen, which we shall have great pleasure in doing. Would the 20th, 27th or 30th suit you?

Believe me,
Very Sincerely Yours,
ALBERT EDWARD.

Another letter is in just as friendly a vein.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,

Sunday.

MY DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

Many thanks for your kind letter which I received this morning.

We are very much obliged to you for the arrangements you have made in providing a steamer to take us to Greenwich on Wednesday and I feel convinced that everything will be most comfortable on board.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
ALBERT EDWARD.

As Edward grew older his handwriting deteriorated considerably. The above letter is fairly legible but the one below, written to Lord Goschen—as he had then become—to thank him for his sympathy on the death of his (Edward's) sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany—Kaiser Wilhelm's mother—is very difficult to decipher.

HAMBURG.

August 15th, 1901.

MY DEAR LORD GOSCHEN,

Your kind letter of sympathy on the occasion of the fresh great sorrow that has befallen me, has touched me very deeply. All

you say about my beloved sister who has passed away is most gratifying. Her great qualities will, I am sure, never be forgotten. We were simply devoted to one another and her loss is an irreparable one to me, as not a month passed that we did not write to one another.

I could not, however, wish her life prolonged, as her sufferings were so intense; and she bore them so bravely.

I know the great personal regard and friendship she had for you and your lamented wife.

Believe me,
Very Sincerely Yours,
EDWARD R.

A graphologist to whom I showed this letter told me that it was the writing of a man of strong will-power ; a man who would never shirk difficulties, but overcome them with tact and intelligence. It also—he said—showed that the writer possessed a highly material nature, that his power of concentration was not great and that he expected other people to adapt their views to his.

The Princess Royal—afterwards the Empress Frederick—was the Prince Consort's favourite daughter. He spared no pains to educate her and endue her with his own love for "the Fatherland." But she was as obstinate and tactless as he was and the seed fell on stony ground. She was entirely modern in her views on art and literature, views which she carefully concealed from "Dear Mamma." When she married the Crown Prince she was only seventeen, and the German Court disliked the marriage almost as much as the English Court had disliked that of Victoria. Not so Victoria and Albert, who were, *bien entendu*, delighted. It was another link in the chain of Teutonic alliances which were Germanizing Europe. The Princess hated from the first the narrow, despotic German Court, "hide-bound in conceit, arrogance and petty etiquette," and she took little trouble to conceal her feelings. When, a short time before her husband succeeded to the throne, he developed cancer of the throat, she insisted on the doctors cabling for the famous London throat-specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie. This caused the smouldering resentment to burst into flame and she became the most unpopular personage in Germany. Another cause of offence was her having appointed Sir Robert Morier to be her private secretary. His devotion to her ruined his diplomatic career so far as Germany was concerned. When his name was submitted as Ambassador to the German Court, Bismarck declared him to be *non persona grata*. The



Marlborough House.

Sunday

My dear Mr. Goschen,

Many thanks
for your kind
letter which I received
this morning.

We are very
much obliged
to you for the
arrangements you

have made in
provisioning - a
steamer to take
us to Greenwich
on Wednesday -
& I feel convinced
that everything
will be most
comfortable on board.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely
Albert Edward

Princess made a bad mistake in antagonizing the powerful Chancellor, but they were both born fighters and enjoyed quarrelling. She was, perhaps, one of the most unhappy and tragic figures of her day. Having everything, she possessed nothing, and from the moment that that prince of cads, her son Wilhelm, ascended the throne, he spared no pains to render her life intolerable. She was that rare being, a really cultured woman and also a brilliant conversationalist.

At the time of the marriage the Emperor had suggested that it was usual for Princes of the blood-royal to be married in Berlin. Victoria was aghast at his presumption. "Whatever may be the usual practice of Prussian princes, it is not *every* day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The question must therefore be considered as closed and settled." And "closed and settled" it was!

The Princess had always been on the most friendly terms with the Goschens. In a letter adorned with an imposing royal crown she wrote :

NEUE PALAIS,
POTSDAM.

Aug. 22, 1877.

DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

I promised you a photograph, but find that I have only a very bad one! However, I will send it and hope to replace it some day by a better one. I hope your Husband and family will send me your photographs also. It was *such* a pleasure to me to see you both at Ostende, I only deeply regretted the time having been so short. It is a very great pleasure to listen to your Husband and hear what interests him so much! I read his letter in the Times, written from Ostende on the 16th. I hope your children are all well and enjoying the sea, which I miss terribly.

Good-bye, dear Mrs. Goschen, pray remember me to Mr. Goschen and believe me, ever

Yours Most Sincerely,
VICTORIA.

C. Princess of Prussia.

There is another charming little letter to her "dear George"—the present Lord Goschen—sending him a birthday present.

Mr. Goschen, while on a visit to Germany, wrote to his wife: "The only *distraction* we have had has been seeing the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, who were most cordial and we

from Palais
 National
 Aug. 22. 1877.



Dear Mr Goschen,

I promised you
 a photograph, but find
 that I have only one
 very bad one! However
 I will send it, & hope
 to replace it, some day
 by a better one.

I hope your husband
 & yourself will send
 me your Photographs
 also! It was decided

a pleasure to me to
 see you both, at
 Belton, I really deeply
 regretted the time
 having been so short.

It is a very great pleasure
 to listen to your study
 and how that interests
 me so much. I read
 his letter in the Times
 written from Belton
 on the 16th. — I hope
 your children are all
 well & enjoying their
 sea — which I am
 Terrifically. — Goodbye

Dear Mrs. Goschen,
Pray remember me to
Mr. Goschen,
I believe me
Ever

Yrs most sincerely
Victoria R. G.

FACSIMILE OF PAGE THREE OF LETTER FROM EMPRESS
FREDERICK

dined with them three times. It was most interesting hearing about German politics, Bismarck, etc. The Crown Princess speaks in the most open way, astoundingly frank. She is strongly anti-Prussian. Once when we dined there, the Prince of Wales dined too. He seems in very bad spirits and *distrain*, though they say he is devoted to his sister."

No two handwritings could well be more unlike than those of Queen Victoria and her charming daughter-in-law. In Queen Alexandra's writing there is no trace of parsimony, indeed, quite the reverse is indicated. Nor is she obsessed with her own importance. How friendly she is! and how eager! A woman who loved all the trappings and glitter of her great position—State functions, clothes, popularity. It does, however, show a certain amount of instability and nervous irritation. Her deafness must have made life a little difficult for her. She writes from :

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

May 4, 1900.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I shall be pleased and delighted to accept your kind invitations to lunch at the Admiralty on May 7th after the inspection of the brave men of the Powerful. I shall be delighted to meet our friend, Captain Lambson and his officers, the heroes of the day. May Victoria accompany me, as she will be present at the inspection.

Believe me,

Yours Most Sincerely,

ALEXANDRA.

The letter of her son, King George the Fifth—written when he was Duke of York—shows with admirable clearness his simplicity, his well-balanced character and unpretentiousness; there are absolutely no frills. There is, too, something curiously boyish about it; you often find this in the letters of sailors.

YORK HOUSE,

ST. JAMES'S PALACE,

S.W.

Feb. 1st, 1897.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

There is now a vacancy among the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House through the death of Sir Alexander Milne. As Master of that Ancient Corporation it rests with me to appoint a successor.



MR. GLADSTONE

It would give me great satisfaction if it would be agreeable to you to accept that position.

Your long connection with the Navy and the interest you have always shown for that Service and also for the Mercantile Marine, leads me to hope that this proposition may meet with your approval.

Believe me, dear Mr. Goschen,
Most Sincerely Yours,
GEORGE.

In another letter George writes :

July 28th, 1893.

You cannot think the pleasure the beautiful Badge of St. George has given me or how greatly I appreciate this token of good will on your own part and on that of so many of those who bear the same name as I do.

Please accept yourself and convey to the other kind "Georges" my warmest thanks for a gift I shall ever most deeply value and believe me,

Most Sincerely Yours,
GEORGE.

There are several letters from the Duke of Edinburgh, Victoria's second son and perhaps one of the most unpopular of the Royal Family. In one he writes :

SANDRINGHAM,
KING'S LYNN.
4th December, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I am very much obliged to you for your letter. I am very glad to be able to tell you that after the Prince of Wales' fever, having run an almost uniformly unfavourable course, from the last two days an improvement has commenced so that we are now rather less anxious than we have been during this last very trying fortnight

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
ALFRED.

In another he writes to Goschen :

I must write you two lines as my chief, as well as a friend to announce my engagement to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. You will, of course, now understand why I have been in no great



Windsor
May 7-1900

Dear Mr. Goschen
I shall be pleased
and delighted to
accept of your kind invitation
to breakfast at the
Admiralty on May
7th after the inspection
of the grave here
of the Tower of

I shall be delighted
 to meet our friend
 Captain Pemberton &
 his officers the heroes
 of the day —. May
 Victoria accompany
 me, as she will
 be present at
 the reception —
 Believe me Yr
 most sincerely Alexander

York House,
St James's Palace. S.W.

July 28th 1893.

My dear Lord George

You can not
think the pleasure
the beautiful Badge
of St George has
given me, or how
greatly I appreciate
this token of good
will on your own
part & that of
so many of those

who bear the same
name as I do.

Please accept yourself
& convey to the other
kind "Georges" my
warmest thanks for
a gift I shall ever
most deeply value

& Believe me
most sincerely yours

George

hurry to ask you for a ship and foreign service during the first two years. I hope, however, that you will find some useful work for me to do without my having to leave my home for any length of time at present. I will only say that I shall never fail to take the same continued interest in the profession in which I have been brought up and that I shall never lose an opportunity of making myself more capable in the execution of its duties.

The Duke—like George V—had been put into the Navy. He was in command of the Mediterranean Fleet at the time that Wilhelm II was made an Admiral of the Fleet and was bombarding Lord George Hamilton—then First Lord—with suggestions as to how the Navy should be run ; all of them subtly contrived so as to bring us into conflict with France. Lord George gives an example in his Memoirs of how German history is written.

“A Franco-Russian scheme has been set on foot by which Spezia was to be, or still is to be, seized by France. This would lead to war with Italy, and in the meanwhile we should be busied with Russia. This war between France and Italy would be extended so as to give back to the Pope a part of his temporal power. If it then came to a war of the French Republic intervening on behalf of the Pope, Austria would be unwilling to enter the field, for Italy, and the German Catholics would not take part in the war with enthusiasm. Russia counts on this and France seems to agree with her. *England is said to have ordered the Duke of Edinburgh to bombard Toulon in case France takes Spezia.* On this the scheme seems to have gone to pieces.”¹

¶ Needless to say the statement with regard to the part to be played by the Duke and the Fleet was a pure invention.

The Duke fancied himself as a violinist and was leader (?) of the Stock Exchange Orchestra, well supported by a professional player. It was said in Court circles that he could have earned his living as a violinist. I asked Joachim if that were the case. The famous virtuoso shrugged his shoulders and growled, “Yes, on the sands !” He was an insufferable social bore, talking interminably about himself and his achievements which, he considered, were never properly appreciated.

The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, writes to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy—afterwards the present Lord Goschen’s father-in-law :

¹ Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE.

June 27th/69.

MY DEAR MR. HARDY,

On the occasion of the Review in Hyde Park on the 5th of July, I hope you will direct Sir Richard Mayne to give us every assistance on the part of the police to keep the ground. As you are aware, Her Majesty is to be present and great crowds will no doubt throng the Park. We shall have a good body of troops told off to keep the ground, but still we can do but little unless the Police assist.

I remain, dear Mr. Hardy,

Yours Most Sincerely,

GEORGE.

The poor Duke became very incompetent and obstinate in old age. He was furious when Lord Wolseley succeeded him as Commander-in-Chief.

There are many other letters from Royalties in the collection—all friendly, but most of them of little interest. Princess Louise, witty and amusing, writes to thank Goschen for sending a collection of the British Poets for a birthday present. I am sure she never read them!

Her letters were as friendly and pleasant as those of her brother, King Edward. Here is one of them, written in August, 1920, from Kensington Palace to the late Lady Goschen :

DEAR LADY GOSCHEN,

It is most kind of you to ask me to spend the night at Seacox before the wedding of Frank and Phyllis, but I am so busy and am very tired from all I have had to do this year that grateful as I am, I think it would be wiser to return the same day and come by the morning train with your other invited friends.

I am so glad that Frank is home all right and I do trust, well. I fear he has worries with the India Office about plans.

I am troubled to know what would be acceptable as a wedding present for Phyllis. I have written to ask her, but those dear young people never will say. However, Frank will, I am sure.

Ever yours,

LOUISE.

Private.

Gloucester House,
Park Lane, W.

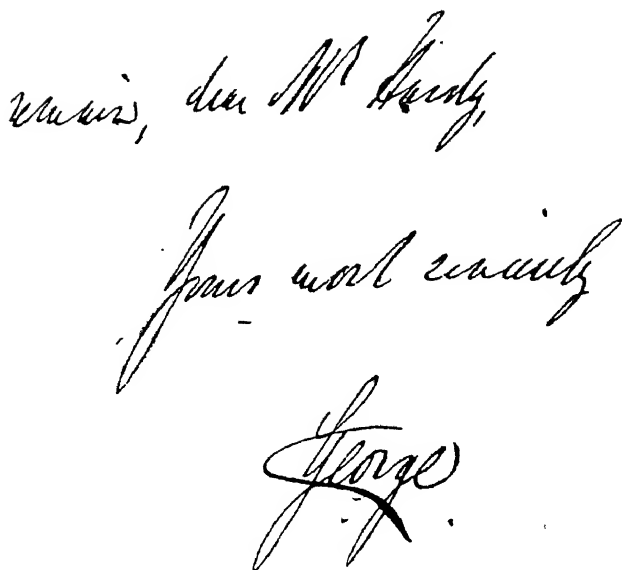
Jan 27 1867

My dear Mr. Hardy

On the occasion of
the Review in Hyde Park on
the 5th of July, I hope you will
detect Sir Richard Mayne
to your every satisfaction, as
the head of the Police to

Keep the ground as you are
aware, Her Majesty is to be
present & large number will
be there through the Park. We
shall have a good body of troops
brought off to keep the ground
but still we can do but little
unless the Police assist.

FACSIMILE OF PAGE TWO OF LETTER FROM THE
DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE



 Dear Mr Hardy,

 Yours most sincerely

 George

FACSIMILE OF PAGE THREE OF LETTER FROM THE
DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

I myself had an amusing experience of Princess Louise's tolerance and sense of humour. I had written a book, *Victorian Portraits*, which contained a rather cynical study of her father, the Prince Consort. Shortly afterwards I received an invitation to take tea with her at Kensington Palace. When I entered her drawing-room she advanced to meet me, and said: "You were very naughty but it is all true. I have bought your book and I want you to sign it for me."

That cheery, good-natured and perennially hard-up woman, the Duchess of Teck, "Fat Mary," as she was known in Society, invites the Goschens to dinner to meet Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Christian, too, was the kindest of women. She was the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria. Schleswig-Holstein was a province of Denmark up to 1867, and when owing to Bismarck's intrigues and trickery it was annexed to Germany, Prince Christian took up his residence in England. They bought Schomberg House, Pall Mall. Their eldest son, who died of dysentery at Pretoria in the South African war, was *persona grata* with everyone, great and small. His kindly disposition and tact endeared him to Queen Victoria, who constantly used him as an intermediary in the many quarrels and jealousies which are inevit-

able at Court. He writes to Goschen from Magdalen College, Oxford, in a handwriting which is a delight to read : you sense the charming personality of the writer. There are letters from Prince Henry of Battenberg and his wife, Princess Beatrice. Prince Louis of Battenberg also writes to Goschen in November, 1914, "to thank you for your kind words and sympathy in this terrible business." Poor Prince Louis fell a victim to the—quite natural—wave of aversion from everything and everyone remotely connected with Germany. He was a splendid sailor and a real loss to the Navy.

There is a letter from Prince Henry of Prussia, written on the occasion of one of his brother's visitations. Everyone liked Prince Henry.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

June 24th, 1894.

DEAREST MR. GOSCHEN,

In reply to your kind yesterday's letter I write to tell you that I fully understand your preferring a British band to a foreign one and you may be sure I will explain this matter to His Majesty who, I know will share your opinion on the subject. The result of a feeling we foreigners trespass too much on the British hospitality was the offer of our band.

Thanking you once more for your kind letter and troubling you and looking forward to meet you to-morrow night at Portsmouth.

I Remain,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY, Prince of Prussia.

CHAPTER IV

SOME POLITICAL PERSONALITIES

WHEN, in 1863, Goschen took his seat in the House of Commons as Member for the City of London, the Session was more than half over. The three most important men in the Cabinet were Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, Lord Russell—who in 1861 had gone to the Lords as Earl Russell—Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House.

The year after Goschen's election, Lord Palmerston honoured him by asking him to second the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, a compliment which naturally delighted him. One can imagine how he treasured the memory of his interview with the famous old statesman. In the account of it which he wrote to his father, he said :

My interview with the veteran statesman remains fixed in my memory as one of the most memorable incidents of my career, and his observations to me on that occasion have an historical interest as illustrating his state of mind at that time, and his attitude towards reforms and domestic legislation. The old man's manner to me was one of extraordinary cordiality, and full of life. Instructing me as to the topics to be dealt with in the speech, he ran through the various points of foreign policy that required to be touched. They were sufficiently numerous and important. When he came to a stop as if he had finished his instructions, I asked him with becoming diffidence, "What is to be said about domestic affairs and legislation?" "Oh," he gaily replied, rubbing his hands with an air of comfortable satisfaction, "there is really nothing to be done. We cannot go on adding to the Statute Book *ad infinitum*. Perhaps we may have a little law reform, or bankruptcy reform: but we cannot go on legislating for ever." Be it remembered this was in 1864. There were looming on the horizon some of the greatest problems which have ever been submitted to Parliament—Parliamentary reform, the ballot, education, far-reaching measures affecting the Church. In fact, a new legislative era was before long to set in, but to the eyes of the cheerful octogenarian, the Statute Book was full enough. However, I somewhat audaciously determined that I would not give the go by in my speech to the internal situation. I would show sympathetically, if possible, that in my eyes domestic affairs bore some large proportion to foreign policy, and I took infinite pains to make a creditable appearance. My speech was highly prepared; it was a bold throw for success: if I had failed, I should have been held to be presumptuous and possibly ridiculous, but I did not fail. Writing, as I am, forty years after this time, I may be pardoned for recording that I was extremely successful. The position was all the more full of risk since I felt that in the extreme uncertainty and the critical state of foreign affairs at that moment, not only the House, but even Europe was waiting with much impatience the utterance of the great Parliamentary Leaders.

In after years Goschen wrote concerning his speech seconding the Address :

I was anxious to give special colour to my remarks. The Manchester School with its strong inclination to non-intervention, and its too absolute devotion in my judgment, to peace at any price, seemed disposed to give the impression that its doctrines were those of the great Liberal Party. They were the "Little Englanders", if I may say so, of that period. On the other hand, there were a group of academical Liberals and others who would in these days be called "Jingoes" or "Imperialists," I wished clearly to establish this fact. On the other hand the attitude of some of the extreme Radicals towards the upper classes and their alleged indictment against the latter for their indifference to the poor, had jarred upon me, and in this respect, too, I thought it right to show that one wing of the Liberal party repudiated such attitude. Though the seconding of an Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne by a young Member of Parliament of less than one year's standing may appear an unimportant matter, I deal with it at some length, as practically it gives the key of my general attitude both towards foreign and domestic questions during my whole political career.

The country was in a very delicate position as regards the Schleswig-Holstein question. Lord Palmerston had laid down that Denmark in certain eventualities "would not stand alone." On the other hand, now when battles had already been fought in the Duchies, and a great crisis seemed imminent, timid counsels began to course through the country, and such language was held very incompatible with the Prime Minister's attitude.

There can be but one opinion as to the object of the policy which Her Majesty's Government are pursuing with regard to the Schleswig-Holstein question. That end is peace ; but unanimous, as we may be, with regard to the end in view, there may still be differences of opinion in the Nation, as to the means by which that end can best be secured. That does not seem to me necessarily a warlike policy, which contemplates the possibility of strong measures for the coercion of disturbers of the peace ; or that necessarily a peaceful policy which by laying down beforehand the doctrine of absolute non-intervention, almost holds out a temptation to aggression. The House will doubtless rejoice with me that the Speech from the Throne, although breathing an ardent aspiration for peace, does not by any premature declaration surrender the Country's choice as to the course it may be ultimately our interest or our duty to pursue. At the present moment, as on the eve of

all Continental struggles, the idea uppermost in every mind is, whether England is likely to be drawn into the struggle. The Country is divided between the modern policy of non-intervention and its traditional pride of influence and regard to international obligations ; it appears to debate with some uneasiness, into which scale on this particular question it should throw its weight, and I believe it has not made up its mind that the doctrine of non-intervention can be of universal and absolute application, if it means that the Government should stand aloof, whatever principles are at stake, whatever interests are involved, or whatever the issues impending. The Country cannot comprehend how, whilst the barriers separating different nations are being thrown down every day by increasing intercourse, by the surrender of ancient prejudices, by treaties of commerce, and by the inculcation of the principles of universal benevolence, the first utterance of England on the approach of a European danger should be to proclaim an utterly selfish and isolated policy, repudiating not only her international obligations, but also, I may say, her international interests. It seems to me as impossible, as it would be inconsistent and impolitic, for England, in the face of Europe, to lay down a rule of absolute non-intervention. Those professing to desire peace at any price seem often unwilling to pay the heavy price which might be asked for it—and that is war itself.

But the sands for Palmerston and Russell were running out, while Gladstone's star was in the ascendant. No one had quite known what to make of him until in this Ministry he had revealed his great gifts both as orator and financier. The Session ended in 1864 and before Parliament met again Lord Palmerston had ceased to trouble Queen Victoria with his airy, inconsequential ways. He was succeeded by Lord Russell. By this time Goschen's phenomenally rapid rise to fame had already begun and he joined the Cabinet as Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In offering him the Chancellorship, Lord Russell wrote :

PEMBROKE LODGE,
RICHMOND PARK, S.W.
Jan. 11, 66.

MY DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I have proposed to the Queen that the vacant office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster should be conferred upon you, and I have stated to my colleagues that I thought you should have a

seat in the Cabinet, as it will enable you to give more efficient aid to the Government in the House of Commons.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of my recommendation and my colleagues will receive you with great cordiality among them.

I have proposed to the Queen that the transfer of the seals of the Duchy from Lord Clarendon to you should take place the month after next, and I will write to inform you of Her Majesty's pleasure in this respect.

It only remains to say that I have great pleasure in making to you this communication.

I remain,
Yours Faithfully,
RUSSELL.

Lord Russell, who was born in 1792, was one of the last remaining links with the great Whig families of the eighteenth century. In early life he had been an intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington and he was, too, one of Lady Blessington's circle at Seamore Place. His Government fell in June, 1866, on the question of a borough franchise based on rating instead of rental. On June 27 Gladstone wrote to Goschen.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I thank you sincerely for your letter. Certainly I am glad that the pain of the few days which closed with yesterday is now to be removed. I am also glad to feel convinced that those who most wished we should accept the vote of confidence, will one by one acquiesce mentally in, and at the last, cordially approve the course which has been taken. There is no power on earth, I think, that could have made me budge, but it was an immense comfort to be sustained by the judgment of several friends of the Cabinet, as well as by the kind indulgence of all.

Lord Russell was succeeded by a Derby-Disraeli Ministry, which lasted for only a short time: in December, 1868, at the General Election, Gladstone was returned to power by a large majority.

When Gladstone's Ministry fell in 1874, the great majority of

the Party hoped that Lord Hartington—afterwards Duke of Devonshire—would consent to lead the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons and Gladstone and the leaders of the Party persuaded him to do so. With regard to this, Lord Granville wrote to Goschen :

I cannot answer for Hartington's acceptance if the choice falls upon him, but I am sure he would refuse unless there was hearty co-operation.

Gladstone did not actually resign till January, 1875. He did not want to resign, but during the last year he was in office his prestige had declined to an alarming extent. He wrote to Goschen :

I know nothing that gives me such a sense of weakness as an occasion of some decisive resolution about myself. I wish that for such occasions the Pope were infallible and I were the Pope. But I have a firm conviction of being right. Weak and faint hope of service, fear of miscarriages, horror of breach, as well as that apprehension of a lengthened engagement which Halifax seemed to me to admit, almost against his will, are motives of which I think none can deny the gravity. You are all exceedingly kind and I am very grateful.

That blessed consciousness of always being right never left Gladstone, though he did not approve of it in others, especially Foster, who was named as his possible successor in his leadership of the House. Robert Lowe also did not like Foster, whom he said had "not one qualification except bad manners and inferior education."

In 1871 the resignation of the First Lord of the Admiralty—Mr. Childers—inspired Gladstone to invite Goschen to leave the Poor Law Board and take up the higher position. He could not have done better : from the first Goschen was completely at home at the Admiralty and throughout his career it was his greatest interest. Gladstone's passion for economy had caused him to cut expenditure on the Services to a dangerous level and Goschen was determined to do his utmost to bring the Navy up to the highest possible strength and efficiency. No one had imagined he would show such a grasp of the subject, indeed, an amusing tag went the round of the clubs :

"Goschen has no notion of the motion of the ocean !"

He was also said to have inspired Gilbert with the Admiral in

H.M.S. Pinafore. But he soon found his sea-legs, rather to the alarm of Gladstone, who wrote :

I have been writing to Cardwell about the estimates to the effect that we ought in the next Session to present them, between Army and Navy, circumstances continuing as they now are, with a diminution of not less than two millions. His reply leads me to believe that he will be able to do his share of that work. That share I have not assumed to be in the same ratio as the increase since the estimates of 1870, because changes and consequent charges have been called for in the Army to which there is nothing similar in the case of the Navy. But I have supposed it to be about two-thirds as against one-third, or in the ratio in which the vote of credit, which was the true measure of our war preparations, was divided. I hope it will not be very difficult for you to come up to this standard. From Childers I used to understand that when the extended or accelerated building operations, to which the vote of credit was applied, should have been concluded, matters would without violent effort return to their old course. I do not ask you at this very early date for an answer definite as to details ; but I have no doubt that even now there must be matters of business coming forward which will be affected one way or another by the views you may see cause to entertain respecting the estimates of next year. . . . I hope you may think my views reasonable.¹

To this letter Goschen replied :

Reductions in estimates may generally be secured by two distinct causes, (1) by economising in a number of details and paring off those extravagances which grow around every great department, and (2) by cutting down the actual solid results for which expenditure is incurred ; the first class are departmental savings, the second involve a policy which the Head of the department cannot determine for himself.

Mr. Childers has effected great things by departmental changes and he has done more. He has impregnated the department to a very considerable extent with the spirit of economy. The necessary result is this, that his successors have less scope for further economic reform. In the six months which I have been at the Admiralty and during which I have naturally had my eye on the possibility of further changes in the direction of economy, I must candidly say

¹ From Hawarden, September 16, 1871.

that in many directions, it appears to me that the limit has been reached, and that further reductions are almost impossible. For instance, as regards the *personnel* I do not think that anybody is in favour of reducing the number of our effective seamen, or of securing their services at less pay, or with less (*illegible*) &c. than at present. The purchasing of victual and clothing has been put on the best footing, and the stores of these articles have been reduced to a minimum. In fact I may say that as regards men and stores I cannot see means of diminishing estimates. Of course there is also the heavy vote for half-pay retirement, schemes, pensions, &c., with which nothing can be done, as the scheme must now take its course. The only real votes to look to for important changes are those for shipbuilding and ship-repairing, and further dockyard works ; and these involve a policy rather than departmental savings. I do not think the public in any given direction is prepared to be content with less naval force. On the contrary demands are being made for more ships in every quarter. Take the case of the East African slave trade, you may remember how anxious I was to ascertain what the views of the Cabinet really were on this point, but the Cabinet settled to let Gilpin have a Committee, and, as always happens in Committees, the officials could scarcely get any members on their side to vote with them, and the Committees were breast high for more ships notwithstanding my expenditure. It will be the same with the Polynesian slave trade, as it is called. More attention is being paid to that quarter than before, and in those vast regions, one or two ships do not go very far. On the American stations there may be some reduction possible. I will say at once, to ease your mind, that as regards our great fighting ships I think we may go very slowly. That is where we are strongest and I should not propose to lay down any fresh ironclads of that class. No doubt a certain sum may be set free in that respect ; but if we are to keep up the same number of ships as hitherto, and to do the same work, it is, of course, necessary to build a certain amount of tonnage every year. The cruiser frigates, corvettes, and sloops have been diminishing in number owing to the main force of the dockyards having been recently devoted to iron-clads. I know that at present, for the service required, we have no ships to spare. On the contrary we are very hard pushed to find relief for ships which are ordered home, after their three or four years' service. The consequence is that old ships are taken over and over again, and the Admiralty is driven to run things rather fine. At this moment the two sea-going training ships containing cadets are on their last cruise which I should be prepared to sanction, looking to the reports

on the ships, and we scarcely know how to find available ships to take their place. Then there is the question of gun-boats, on which you know the exacting views of the public. I cannot bear to see the enormous amount annually spent in repairs ; it seems so unprofitable, and it seems impossible to resist the impression that much unnecessary work is done : but I certainly think that in the Constructor's department there has been up to this moment a great anxiety to keep down this item of repairs as low as possible. *Now*, depend upon it, the Constructor's department will be very careful as to cutting down suggested alterations and repairs reported to be desirable by the inspecting officers at the Dockyards. They will take care naturally that they at least may remain quit of the responsibility of sending a ship to sea anything less than perfect in every respect. I am considerably alarmed about this past business, and it is the one over which a non-professional man can exercise least control. If the estimates are to be largely reduced, I feel sure (though I can of course only form a very general opinion at present) that it is only to be done by building fewer ships, and we can only afford to build fewer ships if we make up our minds to reduce our squadrons, and to undertake less duties in every part of the world. On that, of course, I can say little till I know your views and those of the Cabinet, and this subject is so large it is very difficult to deal with it by letter. I shall be fully prepared when we meet in November to lay exact statements before you of the ships that we have, and the ships that we want on the present scale of naval work. The fact is, half our expenditure is not for war service in the strict sense, but for keeping the police of the seas and protecting commerce during times of peace, and for carrying out our views as to protecting semi-barbarous and barbarous men against kidnapping and various forms of outrage. Philanthropy decidedly costs money. I quite concur in the view that it is most important to us that we should present economical estimates next year. On the other hand, taking even the grounds of political expediency, it seems to me equally important that there should be no disasters, owing to economical pressure, and that the work which we undertake to do should be thoroughly well done. I do not see how I could be responsible for the department on any other condition, and in many directions I must frankly say that I think economy has reached its limits in naval administration.

Mr. Gladstone was not satisfied. With regard to repairs he expressed his amazement that when he went on his mission to

Corfu in 1858, two or three cabins had been run up on the *Terrible* for his accommodation. These, he said, had cost the Admiralty some hundreds of pounds and one-tenth of that sum should have been enough. He urged that a powerful fleet "in and near our own waters" should be maintained and apart from that, *nothing* except for well-defined service.

As First Lord of the Admiralty, Goschen had not only to contend with Gladstone's passion for economy in national expenditure : there was the rivalry between the Admiralty and the War Office. In October, 1888, Mr. W. H. Smith wrote to Goschen :

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

More than half the difficulty between Admiralty and War Office arises from personal feelings, distrust and jealousy, where there ought to be hearty co-operation, and this is a really serious mischief. The Admiralty say in almost as many words, that the War Department want to do the Navy out of stores, which they allege were ordered for them : and then the two sets of officers become as pleasant as Frenchmen and Germans are now. They will not act as if they were serving one master for one object. Some means must be made to make them take this view or give place to men who will.

Well, it has taken two world wars to do so !

We have already noticed how determined Goschen was not to allow any theories of false economy to impair the efficiency of the Navy. He had his reward ; public opinion was with him all the time, and also that of naval experts. When Gladstone's Ministry fell in 1874 he (Goschen) was inundated with letters expressing appreciation of his policy. Captain Glyn, Flag Captain at Portsmouth, wrote :

I can assure you no First Lord in my time leaves office so regretted or who has made so many friends. This extends to the most rabid and now triumphant of the Conservatives of the Service. I don't say this to flatter you, but it's *the real truth*. Coming into office as you did at the most trying time with the most uphill game to play you have won the esteem and respect of all in the Service . . . I know the difficulties you inherited . . . and when you came in, circumstances were against us. We were, as it were, under a cloud of public displeasure ; but you have always so nobly associated yourself with the Service and spoken so admirably for it

and of it, that you have quite won all the blue-jackets' hearts, and one of your chief satisfactions must be that what you said so often in public has been proved so true and never did the Navy come out better than in the late advance on the Prah. Nothing can exceed the *esprit-de-corps*, and the way that force sent out under your supervision and direction has met all expectations, and had there been more fighting would have come out even stronger. This zeal and discipline has quite won Sir G. Wolseley, and he has nobly responded by giving them the post of honour . . . I thought you ought to feel what is felt for you.

Another distinguished sailor, Sir William Houston Stewart, Admiral of the Fleet, was equally complimentary.

I declare to you *honestly* as a sailor, and one of those now at the top of the tree, that I have looked with admiration and increasing confidence to your management of the noble Profession, to the pains you have taken to acquire an accurate knowledge of its nature, and real interests, and to the uniform courtesy and consideration with which you have treated its officers of all ranks. The result of the election is, of course, very bitter to an old man born and bred in Liberal principles ; but there is one important alleviation to my distress. *You* are still in Parliament, and will, I am confident, ably and zealously sustain the claims of the Navy to be maintained in efficiency and contentment.

When Goschen entered Parliament the great figures of the 'forties and 'fifties were one by one going the way of all flesh. Palmerston, Russell, Derby and Clarendon were old men, Granville and Lowe, elderly, and when Disraeli came into power in 1874, it was for the last time.

Of all the Prime Ministers who have helped to make history, not one has combined in his own person so many gifts as this brilliant Jew. Statesman, philosopher, novelist, man of the world, he excelled in everything he undertook. Lytton Strachey, in his inimitable *Queen Victoria*, has told us with what cynical tact he handled Her Majesty. "We authors," he wrote to her, and was rewarded by being the only subject permitted to write to Her Majesty in the first person. No other statesman realized so fully the potential danger of the extremes of poverty and wealth which then existed, and the urgent need for reform. In *Sybil*, he wrote that the young Queen was called to reign over "two nations : between whom there

is no intercourse and no sympathy ; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets ; who are formed by different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners and are not governed by the same laws."

"You speak of—" said Egremont, hesitatingly.

"The Rich and the Poor."

Very few people, I imagine, read Disraeli's books to-day, but they are by no means dead. He had an extraordinary gift for phrase-making and many of the witty sayings to be found in the novels of the next generation were culled—without acknowledgment generally!—from his pages. They are, indeed, treasure-houses of wit and wisdom, but it takes courage to cut your way through the forest of high-flown early Victorian verbiage to discover them. Meredith owed much to him, indeed, many of his characters might have come straight from the pages of *Lothair* or *Coningsby*. It is curious to note that in his early days Queen Victoria, influenced by the Prince Consort, detested him with a dislike quite equal to that with which she honoured Lord Palmerston and Gladstone. Palmerston did not care a damn whether she liked him or not, but her aversion to Gladstone was a constant source of chagrin to him. Disraeli, as we know, ended by conquering her completely, thereby disproving Shakespeare :

"Whoever loved
That loved not at first sight !"

Although Disraeli's books were almost exclusively concerned with the governing classes, which in those days signified the aristocracy and landed gentry, he had an intuitive sense of coming change. But he had no fear ; he loved and trusted the people : "England is safe in the race of men who inhabit her," he said.

A month or two before Disraeli's death—which took place in 1881—Mrs. Goschen wrote to her husband, who was at that time in Constantinople :

I spoke to Lord Beaconsfield before dinner and told him you had enjoyed "Endymion." "It is very good of him to say so," he said. We were standing together and he asked me who some of the people were—for, he said, "I am blind and deaf now." I asked him whether he felt the fogs we were having. He said, "I only live for climate and I never get it." After dinner, Lady Northcote and I talked together, and when the men came up, Lord Beaconsfield

was the first. He put up his glass and made for our corner. Lady Northcote got up and offered him her chair, but he said, "No. I won't take that, but if Mrs. Goschen will allow me, I will sit on the sofa between you"—so we had him all to ourselves. I was so sorry I had to leave early, but he said, "I am going myself in ten minutes. I never was fit for anything in the evening late. I *live* early; ready for anything in the morning—I am like the birds, alive all day but must rest early—I am dead at half-past ten and buried by twelve!" He has lost his old spirit and is very aged. He looked brighter than before dinner, but he is very blind and seemed to me to see nothing with one eye.

Two years before, he had written to Goschen for whom he had a great liking and respect.

Private.
10 DOWNING STREET,
WHITEHALL.

July 29. '79.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I hope you will allow me to submit your name to the Queen as a member of the Royal Commission about to be issued by Her Majesty to enquire into the causes of the present agricultural depression.

I am sure your consent would be satisfactory to the country, and very agreeable to

Your faithful servant
BEACONSFIELD.

The Right Honourable
G. I. Goschen, M.P.

His death left Gladstone without a rival, but not without enemies, indeed almost from the beginning of his career, his verbosity and air of superiority constantly irritated his colleagues: someone described him as "drunk with the exuberance of his own verbosity." One of his most severe critics was Lord George Hamilton, who wrote regarding his gift of the gab:

"He inaugurated the ordeal of perpetual talk and scared away from political life many able men who hated stump oratory . . . he is willing to take any line expedient to the moment."



Private

10. Downing Street,

Whitehall.

July 29

79

Dear Mr Goschen,

I hope you
will allow me to
submit your name
to the Queen as a
member of the
Right Honorable Royal
G. J. Goschen
M. P.

FACSIMILE OF PAGE ONE OF LETTER FROM
LORD BEACONSFIELD

But *pace* Lord George, his fascination must have been extraordinary. His resilience, assurance, histrionic and forensic genius, combined with his intellect and scholarship, were amazing. In private life he could be very trying, especially in society. His idea of conversation was a monologue by Mr. Gladstone ; for conversational give and take he had no use, for he would brook no interruption. *I'm telling you*, was his attitude ! Queen Victoria did not trouble to conceal her opinion of him and, oddly enough, he could never understand why she disliked him.

Gladstone had both respect and affection for Goschen—when the latter was President of the Poor Law Board, Gladstone borrowed one of his most useful officials for special work in Ireland. Goschen was rather reluctant to let him go, but feared Gladstone might think his reluctance was due to a wish to save himself trouble.

Be assured [Gladstone wrote him] that you are the very last man in the Cabinet or out of it, whom I could suspect of slackness in duty. Much as I hoped from you at the P.L.B., you have outdone my expectations, and I can only construe your eagerness for help of the best quality as a proof of your earnest desire that your very difficult work should be done in the best manner.

A year or two later in reply to an invitation to stay at Seacox he wrote :

I should particularly like an opportunity for free conversation with you on the future of the Country and the Liberal Party, in a large tract of which future you are likely to have a great and distinguished interest.

Regarding Gladstone's Irish Policy, Lord Arthur Russell writes to Goschen in 1885 : "Gladstone, by his egregious folly and vanity, has destroyed the Church and the loyal classes ; we warned him in vain." Later in the same year he wrote again : "We have been at Knowsley and at Hawarden, where we saw the Grand Old Man fell an ancient oak and we reverently gathered the chips that fell from his axe ! At Knowsley Lord Derby said to me after a long silence : 'The longer I live the odder I find the English people !' I did not answer 'And the odder they find you'—but I thought it. Lord Kimberley asked : 'How did you find the great Chief when you were at Hawarden ?' 'Well, I found him leaning towards Home

Rule,' answered Lord D. 'What he calls, a National Council : I confess I don't see my way to it, as I explained at Blackburn.' 'When I saw him last,' said Kimberley, 'he was much troubled by the immoral means which we've used to bring about the Union ; he felt that a great national sin had been committed and his conscience was troubled.' 'Oh ! damn his conscience,' answered Lord Derby."

In spite of his irritatingly superior manner, Gladstone could be the kindest and most courteous of men. He had both respect and affection for Goschen and was deeply hurt when they parted political company over the Home Rule Bill, which, Goschen felt, "virtually repealed the Act of Union."

The difficulty [he said] lies in the essence of the case. It is in fact a difficulty which is absolutely insuperable. You cannot treat Ireland differently from England and Scotland without involving yourself in innumerable anomalies and injustices, the impossible task of establishing a separate National Government for a portion of that which is the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland . . . I warn honourable members with regard to leaving this an open question.

It would be a misfortune to exclude Irish members ;

but that is the result of attempting to give a National Parliament to Ireland. It would be most unjust if in order to meet that difficulty, you were to place English and Scottish affairs at the mercy of a body of Irish representatives.

"Remember," he said, "the Irish voters in English constituencies."

I am glad to see them amongst us if Ireland is to remain an integral portion of the Empire ; but I do not wish to see their power increased if they are to be a separate Nation planted on our flanks.

Justice to Ireland ! When did it first dawn upon the thousands who are now called upon to echo that cry that Justice demanded Home Rule ? I think I know. It was when they were told so by authoritative lips. And when did it dawn upon those who raised the cry that Justice demanded that Home Rule should be given ? It is a doctrine we have not heard much from responsible Statesmen : till when ? We did not hear of that doctrine in November last. Yet Justice is not an intermittent apparition. Justice is not a figure



LORD BEACONSFIELD

that can be here at some times and absent at others. Justice is not an apparition that can be invoked at the polling booth alone. Expediency may change from time to time . . . but Justice always stands in the same position. Expediency may have set in. The expediency of granting Home Rule may have appeared since last November ; majority may have appeared since last November ; threats may have doubled since last November ; but I fail to see why that which we did not hold to be just before November should suddenly have become imperatively just in December and in January of this year ! Justice has often been described as wearing a bandage over her eyes. But I did not know that her worshippers were to remain blindfold till the bandage was torn off under the pressure of expediency and fear. And if justice is to be invoked, let it be invoked all round. Let it be invoked as well on behalf of those of whom the noble Lord spoke just now with such eloquence—let it be invoked on behalf of the Loyalists of Ireland—on behalf of those who have relied on us, who have stood by us, as well as on behalf of those who have been the opponents of order, and of law, and of Imperial rule. . . .

There are some who seem to believe that if this Bill is passed we shall see the most brilliant transformation scene that has ever been witnessed, and there are others who as the result of the rejection of the Bill paint a picture in which dark and subterranean forces play a desperate part. They want to send a shiver through us and they succeed. But the shiver is one of indignation. These apprehensions may be justified or not. It may be that the desperadoes who bore some little part in lifting the curtain which hid the form of "Justice to Ireland" may be at their cruel work again. But civilian England will be as steady under threats of vengeance as her soldiers are steady in the field. Some people talk about our houses being set on fire. If so, Captain Shaw will have to put them out. Others say that the dagger may again be brought into use. If so, we shall make our wills and do our duty. But it is more likely that those who are politicians and statesmen will be exposed to weapons and missiles with which they are more familiar. A storm of misrepresentation is again coming on, and I do not know to what hail of missiles we may not be subject in that storm. Class prejudice is being pressed into the service of disruption ; and the new democracy are being urged to pass this Bill, as if it were a matter that peculiarly interested them. *That* is not the view we hold. It has been seen in other countries, and will I trust be seen in this, that the British Democracy are as capable as any other class of entertaining strong feelings in support of Imperial unity. We shall I trust see

that the British Democracy will do its duty. But those who have the ear of the Democracy must not be allowed to preach the gospel that surrender means justice and that capitulation is generosity. I disclaim and I condemn any policy of class prejudice in this great conflict, in which God knows there are difficulties enough. Our appeal will be made not to one class, but to all classes ; not to one party, but to all parties, and that appeal will not be made in vain.

Lord Hartington opposed the Bill strongly and joined forces with Chamberlain. Before the debate he writes to Goschen :

MY DEAR GOSCHEN :

Things did not look very smooth at first, but the interview ended amicably—Chamberlain will not speak to-morrow. He apprehends much greater changes in the scheme than he will find have been made. I shall not follow Gladstone ; but the Tories will keep the debate going with Trevelyan's assistance. It was Chamberlain's own suggestion that Trevelyan should speak. Chamberlain will move the adjournment, and I shall speak either on Friday evening or move the adjournment. Chamberlain urges the latter, but I am not clear that it will do to wait till Monday or Tuesday. I think there is a decided advantage in my hearing Trevelyan's and Chamberlain's explanations before I speak.

In another note he writes :

The argument was strong in favour of my not speaking until I had heard not only Mr. Gladstone's statement, but those of succeeding Ministers. If I can agree with Chamberlain's line so much the better, but I may have to differ from him as well as from Mr. Gladstone.

Shortly after Gladstone was returned to power for his third and shortest Ministry Goschen wrote to his wife from the Athenæum, finishing the letter at Brooks's.

I thought Gladstone dishevelled to-day ; tired, excitable, unhappy and irritable. How will it all end ? I hear that Gladstone is very much annoyed with Hartington and is making things disagreeable, very disagreeable for the latter. James tells me Hartington can never give way after his Lancashire campaign ; and that he (James) could not follow Gladstone, if he coquetted with

Home Rulers. . . . I keep this letter open to tell you of the last news at Brooks's. . . . Brooks's, 1 a.m.—I have just had a tremendous seance with Hartington and Grosvenor. Hartington didn't come till past eleven. He had been with Granville after Gladstone. The fat is in the fire, and a split almost unavoidable. There is a passage in the Queen's speech about maintaining the Legislative Union. Gladstone is inclined to protest and Hartington will not give way. *If* Gladstone is very shilly-shally about the Legislative Union Hartington *may* speak to-morrow, and the split is there: if he doesn't there may be a row among the Liberals. I have urged him very strongly. We discussed every likely alternative and whether and when he should speak. I told him I wished the lead to remain with him. If I spoke before him, it would damage him. I wished him to have the whole weight from having stood firm. *If* I spoke I said I should speak very strongly indeed and I knew I should have a great following: he would then be supposed only to bring up the rear. Dilke was not at the meeting to-night; only Harcourt, Chamberlain, Hartington and Lord Richard. What excitement. . . . Will the Parnellites show their hands? Grosvenor thinks that Gladstone may possibly make a backing down speech, showing that he does not intend to propose Home Rule. . . . Had some talk with James . . . Certainly Hartington's position is very difficult, and it is wished in many quarters that he should not have the odium of having ousted Gladstone. It is however quite within the range of possibility that by Monday Hartington will be the leader.

During these eventful days Goschen wrote to his friend, Sir Robert Morier, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. "Meanwhile this immense majority of our party hugged themselves with the belief that Gladstone would not really go for Home Rule, but would have some great and wise plan." Sir Robert was a brilliant, though rather intemperate, letter writer and Goschen, himself cautious and sober, for once finds his language reasonable. In the same letter he writes: "How much has happened to intensify your wrath and render your language more violent if that were possible! But the air has cleared to a certain extent, and although we still know very little, the board and the position of the players are somewhat more intelligible . . . The Hawarden Kite! Gladstone has expressed the utmost indignation at this impudent attempt to 'force his hand.' This to an old colleague. But Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote a congratulatory note to him on the revelations¹ and said he hoped

¹ Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

now to be able once more to support him. Gladstone wrote a very friendly reply. Yet remember the language the *Pall Mall* has used towards Gladstone for several years *à propos* of Gordon. 'An old man's programme,' etc., etc. Gladstone further said the revelations did not state what *he* thought, but what others thought he thought. As the revelation came from Herbert Gladstone, you will see the force of the distinction. But on the whole *we* are bound to believe, or told to believe that the issue of this Hawarden manifesto was not Gladstone's act . . . However, action was necessary. Hartington and I met and Hartington then and there wrote the letter to his Constituents which practically declared his separation from Gladstone's views. The fact of this letter being the joint action of Hartington and myself relieved me from writing anything myself. I was *most* anxious that Hartington, should take the lead, and not I. It was urgent for him and urgent for the cause, that he should be the prominent actor. This has been my theory and I have made great sacrifices to it: but I have to a certain extent succeeded. Well! on the whole Home Rule went back in public opinion after the so-called revelations. The plans were badly taken, and men said that the country would stand nothing of this kind. Then Parliament met. The Queen's speech came out—a miserable document. The restoration of order put in 'ifs' and 'whens' as Sexton cleverly expressed it. All the moderate men were utterly disgusted. The debate on the Address was memorable for the speech of the 'old parliamentary hand.' He produced a great impression on the immense body of new Liberal Members. Gladstone's attitude to the Parnellites was most conciliatory. Parnell also made a speech which produced a considerable impression from 'its fair tone and studied moderation.' Oblivious Fools!"

John Bright in a letter to Goschen summed up the position with regard to Home Rule with admirable logic:

I am not in opposition to the views of the Government more on account of England than of Ireland. No Irish Parliament can be so powerful or as just in Ireland as the United Parliament sitting at Westminster. I cannot trust the peace and interests of Ireland, North and South, to the Irish Parliamentary Party, to whom the Government now propose to make a general surrender. My six years' experience of them, of their language in the House of Commons, and of their deeds in Ireland, makes it impossible for me to consent to hand over to them the property and the rights of five millions of the Queen's subjects, our fellow-countrymen, in Ireland. At least two million of them are as loyal as the population

of your town, and I will be no party to a measure which will thrust them from the generosity and justice of the United and Imperial Parliament.

A letter the Duke of St. Albans wrote to Goschen shows how difficult it was to know where you were with Gladstone :

Your arguments would have more force with me if it were not that I have still ringing in my ears a conversation I had last week with Mr. Gladstone in which he assured me that there was no question of Home Rule. That he did not believe it could be carried in the Cabinet, and that as regards himself though he had never been against Home Rule, which it is difficult to define, yet he had never made up his mind to propose it, and he doubted it being carried in the Cabinet. He added "I wish everyone to know this. Pray make no secret" (in reply to my saying that, of course, I should not mention the matter); but *I should rather not be quoted*. I believe at this moment Gladstone is quite as likely to go to the country on an anti-Home Rule cry as on a Home Rule one . . . Of two evils I would rather trust the *Caucus* than the Carlton. It seems to me whilst the Moderates remain the Radicals will think twice about adopting such a cry, with the recollection of 1874 to remind them of what is the result of a divided party at the poll; but if the Moderates had already split—the Radicals would become reckless and the Home Rule cry would become lost sight of in an attack on the House of Lords. . . .

Gladstone—like many famous *prima donnas*—did not know when it was time to retire; he did not realize that his powers, mental and physical, were failing. To work until a great age is generally dangerous and always unwise. The Levites—a singularly unpleasant people—understood this and retired at fifty.¹ Gladstone was an indefatigable correspondent; he deluged his friends and supporters with letters and closely-written post-cards. Here is one of his letters to Goschen :

Immediate.

10 DOWNING STREET,
WHITEHALL.
May 8, '80.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I send open for your perusal my letter to Lord Stratford. I

¹ *Numbers* : viii, 25.

Immediate

10, Downing Street,

Whitehall.

May 2, 20,

My dear Goschen

I send you for
your personal use my letter
to Lord Stratford - I feared
but a request for an
interview plum might
alarm him at G3 - Perhaps
you will send it by post with
a note from yourself. Sincerely
yours

W. Gladstone

feared that a request for an interview, *plump* might alarm him at 93. Perhaps you will send it by post with a note from yourself.

Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Lord Stratford referred to in Mr. Gladstone's letter was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—whom the historian Kinglake called "the great Elchi." He had accomplished wonders at Constantinople during the troubles in the 'fifties. As Goschen was going to Constantinople as Envoy Extraordinary Gladstone thought he had better see Lord Stratford. Goschen writes of him :

He was the last of those semi-royal, semi-independent Ambassadors, as they were called, who represented their countries' interests before the electric wire had transferred the real responsibilities of international negotiations from the Chancellories abroad to the Cabinets at home. Possibly it was thought I might learn some of his secrets as to managing the Turk. He was in his ninety-fourth year, but still retained a fine impressive presence. I was struck by his old-world aristocratic courtesy, while the halo of his pristine strength was still palpable around his personality. His brain seemed absolutely clear and his memory perfect. He was very ready to discuss Turkish politics, but I found him so Turkophil, and so optimistic as to Turkey's future that I came to the conclusion that I could not derive much help from him for the purpose of my mission. But I carried away a deeply interesting reminiscence of a most striking figure in British history.

Another letter, written when Gladstone was suffering from cataract, is wonderfully legible considering that he had to be kept in a darkened room. The pencilled postscript was written by Mrs. Gladstone.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I have to thank you for writing so kindly. I am now going to ask a favour. If you would come and see me for half-an-hour, I should like to verify my recollections on an interesting past passage of foreign politics as to which I believe you and I are now the only living witnesses. To-morrow forenoon if agreeable to you would suit me perfectly. I am still kept to my room.

Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

He wrote this in a nearly dark room. To-morrow morning would suit him well, if agreeable.

Wednesday evening,

May 28, 1894.

Notwithstanding the enormous number of letters Gladstone wrote, his writing is quite easy to read. The high upstrokes show his idealistic nature and the connection of the letters and slight angularity, his wonderful power of adapting himself in all circumstances. There is not a trace of introversion nor does his writing denote any sense of the æsthetic values. Its leading characteristic is the immense driving power it indicates.

During Goschen's career there were so many quite exceptional men in politics that lesser men were apt to be overshadowed. One, however, Robert Lowe, played a leading part at the time he (Goschen) entered Parliament. An odd personality, this Lowe. He served under Palmerston as Vice-President of the Council of Education and while he was in office a very bitter and offensive motion by Lord Robert Cecil—afterwards Marquess of Salisbury—led to his department—meaning himself—being censured by the House. He insisted on an inquiry into the allegation and the motion was rescinded. Lowe was a first-rate scholar and at one time a leader writer on *The Times*. He was an old Wykehamist—it is curious, by the way, how few famous men this famous school has produced in comparison with Eton and Harrow. Lowe was a brilliant speaker, but though he thrilled the House of Commons, he never gained the ear of the general public. He was, they said, always ready “to sacrifice Party to Paradox.” Like Lord Salisbury, he hated reform and when the working man got the vote he said, “We must now at least educate our new masters.” He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1871, and one of the items in an unpopular Budget was a tax on matches, which caused such an uproar that as Goschen said, “All the little boys who sold matches rose in infantile insurrection.” This inspired some poet—not, I believe, the Poet Laureate—with the lines,

“Ex luce Lucellum,
That's true we all know.
But if Lucy won't sell 'em
How's that, Mr. Lowe?” !

Had it not been for Lowe's bitterly sarcastic tongue he would have gone much further than he did. But he could laugh at himself.

When he was elected Member for the University of London he said, "I can claim the honour of representing the only constituency in England that would accept me!" He was an albino and suffered terribly from his eyesight. His rather Rabelaisian humour he toned down to suit Victorian propriety; hence his nickname, "*Rabelais au Lait*." A letter to Goschen, written when he (Lowe) was Home Secretary, runs:

Secretary of State,
Home Department.
Nov. 25/73.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I am sorry it will not be in my power to accept your pleasant invitation.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT LOWE,
alias dictus
Rabelais au Lait.

Lowe was afterwards raised to the peerage as Viscount Sherbrooke. As is the case with most sarcastic men, he did not spare his wife. One evening at a dinner party the conversation turned on the marriage service and he said to her, "When I said 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' I hadn't a penny."

"Oh, but you had your brains, dear," she answered.

"Yes, but I didn't endow you with those," he retorted.

Once a Radical schoolmaster who wished to see the study of Greek and Latin done away with, said to him, "I have the greatest contempt for Aristotle."

"But not the contempt familiarity breeds," answered Lowe.

After Gladstone's defeat in 1886 there was a great re-shuffling of the Parliamentary cards. Several of his most important supporters had deserted him, including Chamberlain and Goschen, who was Member for East Edinburgh. At the previous General Election his majority had been 2,408. At this one he was defeated by one of 1,440. It is hard to understand why the electors threw out their distinguished Member, except on the ground of Gladstone's immense *personal* prestige, for his Irish policy was by no means popular in Scotland. A little later Goschen contested a very Gladstonian division in Liverpool and was defeated by seven votes! A fortnight afterwards, however, he was returned for the staunchly aristocratic and Tory constituency of St. George's, Hanover Square, with a majority of over 4,000 votes over a Home Ruler, so all was well.

Nov 25/
73



My dear Mrs Goschen

I am sorry that it
will not be in my power
to accept your pleasant
invitation -

Very truly yours

Robert Lowe
alias dictus

Rabelais au Cart

It is doubtful if Gladstone would ever have come to occupy the almost unique position he held for many years had it not been for his extraordinary personal magnetism. In 1881 the Duke of Argyll refers to it in a letter to Goschen.

I wish I could impress on you my own sense of the great importance of men of moderate opinions in the Commons and men of independent position showing that they will not slip down the inclined plane on which we are all now standing:—to the letting go of all that has hitherto been understood as sound Liberal Principles. Depend upon it the effect on the Cabinet would be great if a good body of independent Liberals were *to set up their backs a little*. You are the only man in a position to give such a party some coherence just now. *Gladstone exercises such a sway over the constituencies that the members are afraid to call their souls their own.*

It had been a question whether Lord Hartington or Lord Salisbury should form a Ministry, but choice fell on the latter. Hartington was very anxious that Salisbury should offer Goschen a seat in the Cabinet and wrote Goschen a long letter on the subject, but Salisbury, slow-moving and intensely Conservative, was not inclined to rush into the arms of Gladstone's old supporters; his political coat was not one of many colours and he was not given to changing it. Hartington wrote from Devonshire House on July 22, 1886:

I suppose it is quite certain that a formal offer will be made by Salisbury, but the Press have prepared him pretty well for a refusal. It seems also evident that you and probably Argyll will have to consider a separate offer. I do not know what your inclinations on this point may be, but I do not think it ought to be hastily rejected. The loss to our small band would be severe: but on the other hand the new Government would gain what we should lose; and your presence in the Government would perhaps give a better means of communication than would otherwise be provided. On principle I conceive from what you said the other day, that you could have no objection. As to expediency the principal reason for my refusing would be that whatever I might do I could not take the whole but only a section of the Liberal Unionists with me, and that the remainder would drift back to the Gladstonian party. This objection would not apply in the case of your going. Chamberlain and I could probably keep the Liberal Unionists together for a time at least. The most serious objection is that it would probably be a final separation between you and the Liberal Party; that is from

the Liberal Party as now constituted. But is it likely that you will ever be able to return to it, or remain in it? I don't feel very confident that I shall be able to do it myself: if I do, it will be because I have a greater capacity for swallowing unpleasant morsels than you have. If, as some people think, a total reconstruction of parties must come, you will only have preceded me a little. It is very difficult, and I don't want you to think that I have a clear opinion; all I want is to point out that the cases of yourself and me are not exactly identical.

Two days later he made the position clear.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

. . . Lord Salisbury came to me this morning to tell me that he wished to tell the Queen that he thought that I ought to form a Government. He admitted that he was not certain that his friends would agree to support such an Administration, but he would be willing to serve in it himself and he thought that he could obtain their concurrence. I told him that though the solution had been suggested to me as a possibility, I had not thought so much of it as of the possibility of his asking me to join him. I pointed out the objections which I saw to it, but told him that I should like before giving him an answer to consult those whom I could see to-day. In the course of conversation he excluded Chamberlain, and said he thought it would be too sharp a curve for both him and C. to sit in the same Cabinet. This I think was nearly conclusive. Although Chamberlain would not have joined, the fact of my not being able to ask him would remove any possibility of the Government being in public estimation anything but a Conservative one. I have seen Northbrook, Derby, Stalbridge, and H. James, and have written to him that I consider the difficulties insuperable. I think he is quite ready to accept, though he would have preferred the other solution. It is possible that there may be a further offer to some of us to join him, but I do not much expect it. My answer is really a refusal to both proposals. He said that if I declined, he hoped I would let him talk over politics with me. I mentioned your name but I could not gather whether he was likely to ask you separately or not. He said there were difficult personal questions involved. He has gone to Osborne and remains there till Monday.

The new Parliament first sat on August 19, 1886, with Lord Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. He was not much trusted and the appointment

took everyone by surprise. They were still more surprised when, on December 23, *The Times* announced his resignation. "On Monday evening, December 20," to quote Elliot, "Lord Randolph at Windsor Castle had written his letter of resignation to Lord Salisbury. Her Majesty and the public becoming acquainted with it by the leading article in *The Times* on the following Thursday." Goschen had been present at a dinner two or three days before, where Lord Salisbury was also a guest and had noticed the lack of friendliness between Lord Randolph and his Chief. But as late as December 20, Lord Randolph had written to him, giving no hint of his intentions. The Queen, who had never liked him, was furious. She had called him "Gladstone's evil genius." Lord Randolph on his part summed up Gladstone in the famous phrase: "An old man in a hurry."

Goschen can hardly have much regretted Lord Randolph's resignation. When he became Leader of the Commons, he (Goschen) had written: "Churchill's selection or self-selection for the Commons' Leadership, is to me, a staggerer. I regret it deeply; for it is a premium on the arts by which he has risen into notoriety. I daresay he will steady down; but as he imitated Dizzy at a distance, so men of even lower *moral* may imitate Churchill. Still the Government have started well."

Labouchere, whom Queen Victoria in a letter to Mr. Goschen called "that dreadful man," took a still more cynical view of the position after Lord Randolph resigned. He wrote to Harcourt:

Parties just now do not hang together by principles. They are gangs greedy of office. You get your lot in—there is a wide difference between this and aiding in getting them out. You and Chamberlain seem to me both to make the same mistake. You ignore the power of the "machine." It has crushed many an able man—Horsman, Lowe, Goschen, and Salisbury himself.

"Randolph resigned—says on account of Estimates! What will Salisbury do now," wrote Goschen in his Diary on December 23. It was the general belief that the Government would not survive the crisis . . . which was just what Lord Randolph was hoping. Salisbury, however, solved the problem by persuading Mr. W. H. Smith—who was trusted and respected by everyone—to assume the Leadership of the House of Commons and appointed Goschen Chancellor of the Exchequer; a position for which he was obviously born and in which he succeeded as few since he have done. He was, by the way, the only Chancellor of the Exchequer in Parliamentary

history whose predecessors had never presented a Budget. Many people consider him to have been the best man who has ever filled the office. He was responsible for six Budgets, and after the third of them he summed up what he called his "deeds and misdeeds" very neatly :

Allow me to present a balance-sheet of my deeds and misdeeds, assuming that the House is pleased to assent to the measures which I have proposed to-night. I will take my misdeeds first. I have diminished the Sinking Fund by a million and a half—originally by two millions, but I replace half a million. I have increased the death duties on fortunes exceeding ten thousand pounds by one per cent. I have added to the Succession Duty the equivalent of what remains of the Probate Duty as an Imperial tax. I have imposed a duty of some £150,000 on sparkling wines. I have put £300,000 on beer. I have increased the Stamp Duties by about £500,000. I have caught in the net of transfer duties some foreign securities which were before exempt. These are my misdeeds. On the other hand, I have reduced the Tobacco duty by £600,000, and the Income Tax by four millions. I have given two and a half millions in relief of Local Taxation, and two millions extra for National Defence. I have converted £500,000,000 of Consols ; saving in interest £1,400,000 at once, and £2,800,000 by and by ; and I have been able to pay off more Debt during my two financial years than has ever been paid off before in the same time, except on one occasion.

Goschen was an extremely popular Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Richard Carnac Temple writes :

I well recollect the ringing cheers which greeted him as he advanced to the Table to take the oath and assume his place on the Treasury Bench. From that day his career has been a continuous success, for his national finance has been admirable throughout and has formed one of the bulwarks of the Government policy in internal affairs. He produced a series of four Budgets between 1887 and 1890 with a success that is indeed remarkable. He has estimated his receipts prudently and taken his expenditure fully, and consequently he has always had a surplus. He has also been fortunate. No doubt good fortune is an element in financial success, as there are chances which no financier can control. If they go against him, he will be blamed, if they go in his favour, he will be praised. These chances have generally gone in Goschen's favour, but still, he owes his success largely to judgment and knowledge.

Perhaps the only really unpopular measure he ever introduced was his 1890 Licensing Bill, giving County Councils the power to buy up the licences of public-houses which they thought were undesirable or in excess of the number required in any neighbourhood. This involved the question of compensation, which was bitterly opposed by the Temperance Teetotal Party in the House of Commons, whose members have never lost an opportunity to meddle with the amenities enjoyed by the working-class. This Bill was a disaster to the Conservative Party. It was thought that it was not Goschen's proposal—it did not seem like him—but who was really responsible for it was never found out.

"Lord Randolph Churchill was universally criticized and censured for his resignation," Lord Arthur Russell wrote Goschen.

"Lunching with Mrs. Jeune, Randolph had been very severely admonished by Sir James Stephen on his want of patriotism and dereliction of duty, in the Lord Chief Justice's most solemn style. He bore it well and seemed to feel the universal condemnation of all his friends and he said what seems incredible: that *he did not think his resignation would be accepted!*

"I had forgotten Goschen," he said to Mrs. Jeune." And his forgetfulness ruined his political career.

In 1888 Goschen made financial history by his successful conversion of the National Debt. While negotiations were in progress a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, under Gladstone, Mr. Childers, wrote to him:

6 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,
HYDE PARK CORNER.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

You will have my cordial sympathy and any help I can give you in the great work of Conversion. I think you have laid the foundations well and I now understand why you made your new stock 3 per cent and not a 2½ one. I quite agree with you that another failure would be disastrous, and that if you strike the blow, success should be morally certain. My proposal of '84 was purely a voluntary one, but I indicated pretty clearly that a compulsory plan should follow, and I disclosed to Hubbard's horror some of the compulsory powers which Parliament had received. But you may be able to act compulsorily without using those latent powers.

Your revenue looks well to an outsider and also your expenditure.

Yours very truly,
HUGH C. E. CHILDERS.

There is also a letter from Lord Randolph warning Goschen of the very serious risks he was running, which was true enough, but Goschen had counted the costs.

(Private.)

2 CONNAUGHT PLACE, W.

4th March, 1888.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

You were so kind as to converse very freely with me last night about your project for refunding at a lower rate of interest a large portion of the debt ; and I have been thinking a good deal over what you said. I do not fear that you will think me presumptuous if I further submit to you my views.

The object of a conversion would be I presume to save from one to two millions of money on the charge for the debt ; and no one can say that such an object is not an excellent one in every way. The question is, Is it attainable, and is it so desirable as to make it worth the while to run the risk of the great political rather than financial disaster which would result from your failure ? The reputation of the Conservative Party for financial skill has been at a very low point since the time of Sir R. Peel, and I have always felt that we suffered severely in the estimation of the people on that account.

My idea was to raise the character of the Party on financial policy by rigid and vigorous retrenchment, and though perhaps I went to work too roughly, all that I have learnt convinces me that in that direction not only is a safe and popular policy to be found ; but that the room for carrying it out largely is ample. It is moreover unattended by any risk of failure or discredit. You will not be displeased with me for stating frankly my strong opinion that since I left office retrenchment has been pursued apathetically, and with *mollesse*, and a finance Minister who is open to criticism on this point will I think be weakened in respect of other projects which he has in view.

Now as to conversion I have heard much on the subject lately from more than one quarter of high authority.

1. It is not and cannot be popular, except with those who do not hold Consols. I suppose an immense proportion of fundholders have purchased their stock at 100 or even under, and 3 per cents. at 102½ are to the popular instinct, which does not count as closely as might be thought, a more desirable and attractive possession than 2½ per cents. at 96 or 95. Nor do I think you can afford to pay off at such a price and on such terms as will satisfy those who have

purchased at par, or under, that they have not been done out of a legitimate gain, and those who have purchased above par that they have not been forced into a loss. Besides which there are all the old women and old men in the country who like to get 3 per cent, and do not like to get $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

2. Childers' failure, in respect of conversion, is still fresh in public memory, and still handicaps a Chancellor of the Exchequer aiming at the same thing.

3. The placing of the Local Loans Stock does not seem to have been altogether fortunate and seems to have rather irritated than soothed the market.

4. The great houses do not consider the circumstances of the time propitious for a large refunding operation, and the transactions of the market last week confirm this view.

All these objections are not very formidable in themselves if the Chancellor of the Exchequer has behind him the great houses : but in all probability the risk of defending in the House of Commons the terms which the great houses would require for their support would be too great to be prudently run by the present Government. I gather from your conversation last night that you contemplate with dispensing the having recourse to the assistance of the great houses ; and rather working by means of a number of smaller operators on terms reasonable and even cheap. In that case I have great fears from what I have heard that your plans which are sure to be in themselves good will be met by a formidable, perhaps irresistible, undercurrent of hostility. I am bearing in mind also that some days ago you mentioned to me that you contemplated dealing with the note issues of country banks, and I do not know whether such dealing will make the country banks your friends or not your friends.

Looking at all the circumstances of the time, the state of Europe ; the parliamentary position of the Government ; the supreme importance from a Unionist point of view of running no unnecessary risks, my instinct rather than actual knowledge or reason to which I lay no claim would lead me to counsel delay and inaction as regards conversion. I only claim to represent the stupid uninformed "Man-in-the-street," who after all is the ultimate arbiter in these things. On the other hand I fully admit that if you were to effect successfully a conversion which would place at your disposal considerable sums for remitting taxation without apparently adding to the capital of the debt, the gain to the Unionist Party would be enormous.

The other matter on which we spoke was Army administration in connexion with the debate on estimates to-morrow, and on that

point I am anxious that you should not misunderstand what I personally am driving at.

I have long been of opinion that the civilian management of the Services has completely broken down and has landed us in heavy expenditure without giving us any approach to efficiency or preparedness. I am certain that if Lord Salisbury really knew how utterly rotten is the condition of the War Office and Admiralty, and how certain a smash would be in the event of war he would devote all his energies and great authority to constituting an Army and a Navy in preference to any other subject foreign or domestic.

I distinguish broadly between civilian management and Parliamentary control, and wish to abolish the former which we now possess and substitute for it the latter which we do not possess. Direct responsibility from the military authorities to Parliament is what I am desirous of establishing. At the present moment Parliament cannot censure the Secretary of State for he shelters himself under his military advisers, nor can you get at the latter for they shelter themselves under the Secretary of State who brings to his rescue a disciplined party majority. Consequently things go from bad to worse ; year after year millions are voted and your military and naval position remains unimproved. Your soldiers are listless for they have not the control of their own affairs. Your civilians are mischievous, for they have not and cannot have the knowledge to fulfil the duties which they insist on retaining in their hands. Here I find you might follow a great and popular policy : Army and Navy reform in a new direction, one of common sense. If the soldiers and sailors in the House of Commons go for that I will go with them as strongly as I can, not caring greatly if Government was placed in a minority ; if not I shall keep quiet and bide my time until a better combination of parties appears, or till SMASH has taught politicians how foolish they have been. Please excuse this long letter.

And believe me to be yours very truly,
RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL.

Well, "Smash" came, and a Churchill to the rescue !

Lord Randolph has been described as "a splendid failure." But like all the Churchills, he had the gift of catching the popular imagination. "At one time he was regarded with the venomous hatred in which Gladstone was held at the time of the 'Jingo Fever'," writes Toby, M.P. At another time he was known affectionately by the masses as "Randy." One of his colleagues summed him up aptly : "One never knows what to make of Randolph." It was also said of

him later that, "having at one time been distinguished for impudence, he now affects dignity."

But England owes him much. It was he who set the fashion of importing American wives, by marrying the brilliant and delightful American girl who, as Lady Randolph, was one of the most popular women in Society. And, above all, he gave us Winston, who possesses all his father's genius, charm, impudence and dignity, plus a quality his father never had and the lack of which was, more than anything else, responsible for his political downfall—stability.

But the little, scraggy, red-haired boy who, it is said, climbed up a water-pipe on to the roof of his House at Harrow and, wearing only his nightshirt, danced on the parapet, refusing to come down unless he was guaranteed an armistice, has more than made up for his father's political errors. Here is another letter to Goschen from Lord Randolph—formal enough; one does not gather that they liked one another very much.

2 CONNAUGHT PLACE, W.

Nov. 26. 1888.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I return you the pamphlet on Indian politics which you so kindly sent me. I read it with great interest, and found much in it with which I entirely agree.

Yours very sincerely,

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

In the autumn of 1891, during Lord Salisbury's first Ministry, Mr. W. H. Smith died. Perhaps no political leader was ever more respected and trusted both by his colleagues and by the general public. He had few personal advantages. He had had no public-school or university education, his voice was weak and his manner modest and conciliatory. When on the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Salisbury appointed him Leader of the House of Commons, everyone was astonished at the choice, indeed it was a long time before the House recognized his great merits. But Salisbury—a keen judge of character—knew his man and before he died, worn out by overwork, he was acknowledged to be one of the best leaders the House had ever had.

His death necessitated the appointment of another leader. There were three good candidates for the post, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Goschen and A. J. Balfour. Both Hicks Beach and Goschen had a

Dear Mr. Goschen

I return you the pamphlet on
Indian politics which you so
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Entirely agree -

Yours very sincerely
Randolph Churchill

longer record of political life to recommend them, but most people were agreed that Balfour was the man. His charm of manner, attractive public-speaking, entire indifference as to what people—friends or enemies—thought of him, all marked him for the post. Goschen—in spite of his own high claims to consideration—with his usual generosity, took the same view. Lord Salisbury, in writing to him on the appointment, said :

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I owe you an apology for not having written to you earlier with respect to the state of things which has arisen in consequence of Smith's lamentable death. But I felt I ought not to express any definite opinion until I had seen Hartington, and he has been at Newmarket till this afternoon. While waiting for this I have received the opinions of many men who know both branches of the Unionist party, and who look at the matter from various points of view.

The upshot of the matter is that you possess in our judgment all the qualities required for a House of Commons leader at this juncture, *except one* : that you are not a member of the political party which furnishes much the largest portion of the Unionist phalanx. In opinion you are more Conservative than many of your colleagues : but from motives which I quite understand, and honour, you have not been willing yet to become a member of the Carlton. But we are on the eve of an election, when such questions assume an exaggerated importance. At such a time the reasonable elements in the motives and thoughts of a political party fall into the background, and the human elements come very much to the front. I am convinced from all that reaches me that the Conservatives cannot be brought to work and vote keenly and heartily unless they are following, as leader in the House of Commons, one who is avowedly a member of their party. I have dwelt on my reasons for thinking that Balfour—the only other possible candidate—ought to be the leader ; but it has not been because I think you will have any ground to regret such a determination. On the contrary the self-abnegation you have shown will raise your reputation even higher than it is. The possession of that quality has always given singular force to any English statesman who was known to have it. And Balfour's position will be very difficult . . . I have felt great reluctance to seem for a moment to be insensible to the splendid services you have rendered to the Unionist party, and your unswerving kindness to myself. We owe you very much for the lustre your finance has shed over the career of the Administration ;

and for the steady and loyal exercise of your influence in keeping the two sections together. This matter has been to me one of great anxiety, for reasons you will well understand. I have discussed it more than once with Smith, who knew that his tenure of official life was precarious—and his latest, though reluctant, view was that if his place had to be filled up before the election it must be by an avowed Conservative. Again thanking you for all you have done for us, I hope you will not think I am making a poor return.

Believe me,
Very truly,
SALISBURY.

To this letter Goschen replied :

Nothing could be kinder or more considerate than the terms of your letter, and I am heartily grateful for all you say. I quite understand the reasons that have induced you (shall I say compelled you almost) to arrive at this decision. You will have gathered from what Akers Douglas will have told you, how entirely I acquiesce. Indeed I have felt myself during the last Session, especially when I was acting for Smith, that there was a growing uneasiness on the part of the Conservatives that I should be drifting into the leadership. I have attributed this to more motives than one ; but whatever may have been the cause, I have been quite convinced lately that Balfour was the man, who should at a most important moment be able to command the enthusiastic support of all Unionists. I have the greatest confidence in his success and no one will desire it for him more ardently than I do. . . .

Balfour himself wrote Goschen this charming letter :

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

Three boring speeches a day for five days must be my excuse for not having answered your *most kind* note before. Thank Heaven ! there is now a lull, and I can snatch a moment to let you know how great was the pleasure with which I received your good wishes, and how touched I was with your congratulations. There are many reasons why I regret that it has fallen to me to succeed Smith. I don't like leaving Ireland. It is odd : but nevertheless true, that quite apart from the interest attaching to Irish Administration, there have grown up ties with this grim old Castle and this

beastly town, which it is painful to sever. I feel as if I had had a good time which has for ever come to an end, and the thought is not agreeable. My sister is in despair!

Another matter of regret, as to which I will only say now that I have never before so clearly understood how much more important in the eyes of ordinary men are nominal differences, than real ones: how indifferent they are to substantial agreement if only the catchwords used are not identical! No matter—I wish I could think that under any circumstances I could ever hope to render half the services that you have done to the *Conservative* party! But I have no such expectation.

Yours ever,
ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

CHAPTER V

MORE POLITICAL PERSONALITIES

Confidential.

Feb. 11, 1885.

MENTMORE,
LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I wish you to hear from myself that I have joined the Government.

Though I had more than once in the last few months refused to do so, yet, on hearing the news from Khartoum I thought it my duty to place myself at the disposal of the Government if they choose to take me as I am with all my Egyptian opinions unimpaired.

On these terms they have closed. There is nothing to justify vanity or ambition, or indeed, anything but a sense of duty in the prospect. I hope I shall at any rate have your sympathy in a very trying position.

Yours sincerely,
R.

A rather depressed letter. But the news from Khartoum was depressing in the extreme, especially for Mr. Gladstone, who had refused to be wise in time.

Lord Rosebery was, as we have seen, Prime Minister for fifteen uneasy months after Gladstone's defeat in 1894. To succeed that human dynamo would have been a difficult undertaking for any man ; for Rosebery it was an almost impossible one. He was by nature a Whig of the old school and his exclusiveness and even more, his irony, did not endear him to the dour Manchester School of politicians then powerful in Parliament. Ill-will between the Prime Minister and his colleagues was constantly manifesting itself and Rosebery did not try overmuch to conciliate them. His real interests in life were racing and literature ; politics, I think, were for him more or less a means of killing Time until Time grew tired of the unequal contest and killed him. All his mature life he was cursed with insomnia, which sapped his vitality and spoilt his pleasures. However, he won the Derby—twice, I believe, triumphs which most racing men would consider adequate compensation for many sleepless nights ! Lord Rosebery was one of the best talkers of his day. He was courteous, his sense of humour was keen and he always managed to appear interested in his friends' concerns, never forgetting that sometimes listeners like to be listened to. His voice, too, was musical and sympathetic. He liked to be flattered and made much of.

A story is told about him which is almost too good to be true. One evening Lady Rosebery was giving an At Home, to which everybody who *was* anybody had been bidden. Walking in Piccadilly the same day, Lord Rosebery met a Scots farmer whom he knew and good-naturedly invited him to the party. He arrived early, wearing evening dress the like of which had surely never before been seen in Berkeley Square. After making a tour of inspection and taking stock of the decadent southerners he found his way to the supper room. Bang went a lobster salad, half a chicken, some meringues and a plate of jelly. He tasted some olives but finding them disappointing he gently removed them from his mouth and deposited them under the table. He had noticed several ladies eating some pleasant-looking pink and cream-coloured things, so beckoning a footman he asked for one. He took a large spoonful and had the shock of his life. But, saying to himself no doubt, "I dare do all that doth become a man," he summoned up the courage of his Highland ancestors, closed his eyes and gulped it down. Something, however, had to be done about it. He looked round and seeing Lord Rosebery standing near, went up to him, saucer in hand. "I don't suppose you know it, my Lord," he said in a stage whisper, "but there's been a mistake somewhere. This pudding's *froze*." Lord Rosebery rose to the occasion. Tasting the ice-cream he said gravely : "So it is, that's strange." He then went



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

off and spoke to one of the servants and returning, said, "It's all right. This is a new kind of pudding they freeze on purpose." And taking his friend's arm, he led him away.

After Rosebery's resignation the reins were grasped by the strong hands of Lord Salisbury. He formed a remarkable Cabinet; himself, the Duke of Devonshire, Goschen, Hicks Beach, Balfour, Chamberlain, "all the talents," in fact. By this time Lord Salisbury gave Goschen his full confidence. His (Goschen's) appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty was rather a blow to Lord George Hamilton, who had expected the post himself. In everything Salisbury undertook he was actuated by a stern sense of duty. His power of work, his ability to say or write what he had to say in the fewest possible words, his concentration and kindness to his colleagues were remarkable. He detested Society, above all Court Society, and did not try to conceal his boredom when at Windsor or Balmoral. He had little sense of humour, though he could be extremely cutting when he chose. Gladstone's spate of words amused him. He was surprised, he said, "that Gladstone could ever listen to a sermon without rising to reply." And there is irony in his comment to Goschen on the incessant badgering from which Cabinet Ministers suffer on account of their supporters craving for honours.

FOREIGN OFFICE.

20.5.99.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I will note your letters. You pride yourself for your moderation. Are you aware that your voracious appetite proposes to swallow *my whole store* of C.B.s—that is to say, two?!

Of course all my other colleagues are equally moderate.

Yours very truly,
SALISBURY.

Goschen himself was frequently impatient at the way he was pestered. "How fearfully foolish men are about honours! There is — who has ruined himself in the eyes of the F.O., by his pretensions." And again: "It is maddening! Still honours, 'Oh, those eternal honours!'"

Lord Salisbury, like St. Paul, was born out of due time and that he adapted himself to the age in which he lived is a proof of his consummate political ability. He had no sympathy whatever for the people, and, alas for him and his caste, "people" was beginning

20. 5. 99.

My dear Goschen

I will write you

letters.

You praise yourself for
your ~~moderation~~.

Are you aware that your

voracious appetite proposes

to swallow my whole store

of C.B.s - that is to say, two?

Of course all my other

to be spelt with a capital P and Crown with a small c. He should have been born in the sixteenth century ; Queen Elizabeth would have regarded him with the same favour with which she regarded his great ancestor Burleigh. Another proof of his realistic turn of mind is shown in his relations with Disraeli. When Salisbury—then Lord Robert Cecil—entered political life, he had all the contempt of a Cecil for the “Jew Adventurer,” a contempt he expressed with cynical frankness. In later years he sat by his side in the House of Lords, a loyal colleague.

One of Goschen’s most pleasant qualities was his refusal to allow political differences to interfere with his friendship. Sir William Harcourt¹ and he were old friends and remained so after Gladstone’s Irish policy had driven Goschen into the opposite camp. Sir William was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1886 and again in 1892, and each freely criticized the financial measures of the other. Harcourt did not like Goschen’s National Debt Conversion policy and accused him of being too fond of new and dangerous expedients. Goschen highly disapproved of Harcourt’s death duties—the first great blow to inherited and accumulated fortunes. But both of them were completely agreed on the danger of huge expenditure and the folly of a very high income tax. Squander-mania was not popular in those happy days.

Harcourt was a loyal, but not uncritical, supporter of Gladstone. In 1875 he wrote to Goschen, who was not then in office :

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

If Gladstone returns as Leader my course will depend on the policy he pursues. I am a little sick of what Glyn called “loyalty,” which as far as I can understand was a servile abandonment of all principles to the whim of an individual. That sort of *loyalty* I hope I should never practise. My loyalty is due to the principles of the party to which I belong. And I can neither see them dragged through the dirt nor suffer myself to do so. If it be true, as is confidently stated, that Gladstone is to return in order to make a declaration against the Church, and you and your late colleagues think that even if you disapprove such a course you have not the right to say so ; I can only protest that I do not so regard my political obligations, nor should I do so if the Leader were a far wiser man than Mr. Gladstone is. I shall take on that subject the same course as I did on his Resolutions. It seems to me impossible in any man who respects himself, to hold his political opinions as a

¹ See signature, p. 124.

sort of tenant at will, ready to be ejected at an instant's notice. It was in my opinion, this singular doctrine of "loyalty" (which I should call by another name) which deprived the late Cabinet of that independence of judgment and freedom of consultation which is essential to the dignity and vitality of a Government. A party, or a Cabinet which only meets to register submissively the varying fancies of an individual, without daring even to remonstrate or to discuss, is sure to perish as the Empire of Louis Napoleon did and as the Government of Gladstone has done. I know something of the way in which the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston was conducted when Sir G. C. Lewis was a member of it. In those days Cabinet Ministers dared to have opinions of their own and frequently made them prevail; but . . . I desire the right to act just as independently as Gladstone himself did towards the Government of Lord Palmerston from 1854-59, after he had been his colleague and indeed had accepted office under him. If Gladstone will stick to the principles of the Liberal Party I am very ready to act with him or under him. But I will not undertake to support any wild proposals which his flighty nature may at any time think fit to go in for. Still less will I abandon the right of remonstrance against a policy which I regret as dangerous or mischievous—like that for instance of the late pamphlet. He has the secret unknown to me of justifying himself, of doing and saying one day the exact opposite of what he did the day before. As I don't understand the art I shall not follow that course. And I am sincerely sorry for others who, like yourself, think yourselves bound to go where the will o' the wisp may lead you. I hope you may not be choked in the quagmire. If Gladstone flings himself into the arms of the Radicals he cannot expect that moderate men will follow him. However we will talk over all this at Seacox Heath. Meanwhile I can go to sleep more easily than you can, who do not know that you may not see in any morning's *Times* a manifesto or a pamphlet which will lead you like the Vatican Decrees to obey your Pope and declare for the destruction of the Monarchy, the House of Lords or the House of Commons (as he no longer has a majority there) or the Church.

Happily however, as in the case of the Papists, the "loyalty" even of the late Cabinet is not so unreasonable as it professes to be, and I firmly believe that you would think three times before you killed your wife and family, even at the command of Gladstone and G. Glyn.

People either liked Harcourt very much or disliked him cordially. Among the latter was Sir Richard Carnac Temple, who considered him blustering and vainglorious—the “heavy bruiser” of his party. No one, however, questioned his honesty and patriotism. He was elected to Parliament in Gladstone’s first Ministry, having already made his name at the Parliamentary Bar. He sacrificed an income of ten thousand a year to enter the House of Commons. Later on it was rumoured that he accepted office as Chancellor of the Exchequer—for which Sir Richard said he had no qualifications, because the Bar had unanimously regarded him as an impossible choice for the position he coveted—that of Lord Chancellor. Harcourt said of himself that in all his tastes, sentiments and mental habits he belonged to the eighteenth century, “the golden age of reason, patriotism and liberal learning.” He was noted as a wit and a talker in a period when conversation and wit were still alive. His repartee was quick as lightning. When Tennyson told him that his after-breakfast pipe was the one he enjoyed more than any other, Harcourt murmured, “The earliest pipe of half-awakened bards.” Tennyson was not amused.

Here is a letter from Joseph Chamberlain, “Joe,” as he was universally known to the man-in-the-street, with whom he was completely in sympathy.

40 PRINCE’S GARDENS,
S.W.
November 22. '02.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

Very many thanks. If I can fulfil half the kind anticipation of my friends, I shall indeed be fortunate.

Yours very truly,
J. CHAMBERLAIN.

The writing is very characteristic. Look at its easy certainty, its clearness, the long down-stroke denoting his firm hold on life and the light pressure. At one time statesmen were rather frightened of him. He blamed Russia for acquiring Port Arthur “dishonestly.” “Who sups with the devil must have a long spoon,” said he, alluding to the Czar, and he described President Kruger as a “squeezed sponge.” But through thick and thin he urged the necessity of a close alliance with America and if he believed that there was no real

40, PRINCE'S GARDENS,

S.W.

Nov. 22. 02

My dear Goschen

Very many thanks
if I can help help
the kind anticipations
of my friends I shall
endeavour to promote

Yours very truly
J Chamberlain

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

reason why our relations with Germany should not be of the best, he was not the only statesman of the first rank to hold that opinion. Germany has always shown extraordinary skill in deluding other nations and inducing them to have faith in her honesty and brotherly love, in spite of all evidence against her good faith. Chamberlain was an admirable speaker, clear, persuasive and never disappointing ; voice, diction, gesture, were all perfect.

There were many members of the House of Commons who did not like Chamberlain. A member of Brooks's whose position was "A plague o' both your houses !" wrote to Goschen in 1883 when Gladstone had offered Goschen the Speakership :

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I cannot help saying that situated as we are between the Devil Chamberlain and the Deep Sea Salisbury, so good a man as yourself ought not to be wasted in the chair. Therefore personally, patriotically and selfishly I am glad that no "specialist"¹ has been able to give you the means of accepting that honour.

Chamberlain's break with Gladstone over Home Rule was the making of him, both politically and socially. At one time he was the special detestation of the Tories as a Radical and a pushing nobody, says Toby, M.P. In due course he became the "cherished companion of marquesses, dukes and a' that." His Tariff Reform campaign strengthened his position enormously. On this question Goschen was violently opposed to him. Once at a public dinner after a long tirade against Tariff Reform, Goschen said : "Is there *nothing* to be said for it ?" And forthwith he urged such powerful arguments in its favour that most of his hearers could never afterwards believe in Free Trade !

Chamberlain hated exercise of any sort and never walked a step more than he could help. "When a man has walked upstairs to bed he has taken quite as much exercise as is good for him," he said. "The sports mania was invented by doctors to bring grist to their mill." His two sons both became politicians with varying success. Austen was a respectable mediocrity and Neville—well, it is too early to enter into judgment. But it is not easy to be the son of a famous man. Gertrude Stein put it neatly when she wrote :

"Lives of great men all remind us
We should leave no sons behind us."

¹ Goschen had consulted an eye specialist before declining the Speakership, and was told that his eyesight would not stand the strain of the office.

There is a letter from John Dillon,¹ cold and formal as the man himself.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 9, 1890.

Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P.

SIR,

I beg to give you notice that on Monday I shall ask you whether enclosed taken from *Times* report of your speech at Rawtenstall is a correct report of what you said.

Yours truly,

JOHN DILLON.

The speech was a vigorous indictment of Home Rule and its sponsors.

No one liked Dillon, but every Member of the House respected him for his transparent honesty of purpose. He hated England for her mismanagement and bad treatment of Ireland and was never really so much at home as when he was denouncing her with vitriolic bitterness. He and O'Brien were the Irish leaders whom Balfour had caused to be imprisoned in 1890. Dillon was quite without humour or philosophy, desperately serious and desperately unhappy. "He has the saddest face I have ever seen," said a writer of the period. Toby, M.P., says of him: "For eleven years with intervals occasioned by ill health and residence in jail, Mr. Dillon has lent to the Irish Parliamentary Party a character and dignity sorely needed in view of the personal standing and public eccentricities of some of the late Mr. Biggar's lambs."

Harold Gorst² tells a story about Dillon's lack of geniality. Gorst one afternoon was giving tea to a very charming and popular actress in one of the Minister's rooms at the House of Commons. After tea, the lady kindly obliged with an exhibition of high kicking. "She was in the middle of a very fascinating and acrobatic series when the door suddenly opened and Mr. Dillon, the leader of the Irish Party, stood framed in the doorway. Humour was not his strong point and there was not the suspicion of a smile on his face as he remained there motionless, gloomily waiting until the performance came to an end, for, unfortunately, she had been too busily occupied with her demonstrations to notice the unwelcome intrusion.

¹ See signature, p. 124.

² Son of Sir John Gorst, one of Lord Randolph Churchill's Fourth Party in the 'eighties and afterwards Under-Secretary for India. Known, too, as the "utility" man of the Treasury Board.

She happened to be pirouetting gracefully round the room when Dillon opened the door and she landed up just opposite him with a final high kick. His face was a study.

'I thought this was the Scotch Secretary's room,' he said to me coldly.

'He's moved across to Number Six, Mr. Dillon,' I replied.

Without a word he turned on his heel and disappeared."

It is curious how little of the personal charm for which the Irish are famous was possessed by Dillon and his leader, Parnell.

Both were dour, pugnacious and cold. "Of constructive faculty," wrote Lord Morley, "he (Parnell) never showed a trace. He was a man of temperament, of will, of authority, of power ; not of ideas, or ideals, or knowledge or political maxims, or even of the practical reason in any of its higher senses as Hamilton, Madison and Jefferson had practical reason. But he knew what he wanted."

When Sir Michael Hicks Beach resigned office as Irish Secretary in 1887, he was succeeded by Mr. Arthur James Balfour, and it is not too much to say that for the next four years he was the star actor in the House of Commons. He put down lawlessness in Ireland with an iron hand, getting the better of the leaders of the Home Rule Party in every battle of wits. The violent invective of Parnell, Dillon and Gladstone did not disturb him in the least. With cool irony and relentless logic he demolished their arguments and pursued his own course, finally giving Ireland a measure of law and order to which it had long been a stranger. Of course he infuriated his opponents—Gladstone not the least—but they ended by respecting, if not loving him.

The letter reproduced was written by him to Admiral Sir Frederick Richards at the Admiralty. Balfour was then Leader of the House of Commons and First Lord of the Treasury.

MY DEAR SIR FREDERICK,

I am not happy about Gibraltar. How soon could you get the Channel Squadron there?

Yours ever,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

Sir F. Richards.

In 1897 and 1898 the European sky was dark with clouds. The Cretan question was a source of great anxiety. Greece was clamouring to annex Crete ; Turkey—whose rapid decay was a menace to European peace—wished to retain her toppling dominion. The

25. 8. 90

By the P. 7. 10. 10 -
 I am so happy
 that you are . . . How
 soon will you be at
 the end of the line?

Y. in
 Mr. Balfour

P. 7. 10. 10

Great Powers offered to arbitrate between them, but as usual, they themselves could not agree. Then, to further complicate matters, Germany and Austria withdrew from the Concert of Europe. There was trouble with Russia. As Chamberlain said in a letter to Balfour, "Russia has done us in at every point." Disregarding with contempt all British protests, they dug themselves in at Port Arthur and Lord Salisbury's counter-move—the acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei—did not make up for British loss of prestige in the East. There was also trouble with Germany over Portugal who was almost bankrupt and wanted England to lend her money on the security of her colonies. To crown all, war broke out between Spain and America over Cuba. It needed all Lord Salisbury's and Balfour's tact and patience to steer the ship of state through this sea of troubles, but eventually they smoothed things over *tant bien que mal*. Turkey was induced to withdraw her troops from Crete; Greece was refused permission to annex it and until the end of 1898, when Prince George of Greece was appointed Governor, the admirals of the four Powers remaining in the Concert of Europe practically ruled the island. The Great Powers were, fortunately, wise enough not to put their spoke in the Spanish-American imbroglio.

Balfour's first speech in the House of Commons as Irish Secretary was rather disappointing—as regards its manner, not its matter. It was only later that he acquired the fascinating style that so charmed the House, though, be it said, his oratory was never really popular with the masses. He did not possess the "common touch," nor was he able—as was Mr. Gladstone—to persuade them that he had just been in telephonic communication with the Almighty, who had graciously provided the subject matter of his discourse. But to the cultured listener this rather cynical and slightly languid product of an ultra-civilized social *milieu* was sheer delight. His adroitness was amazing: he would throw out one line of argument after another, discarding each in turn until he had got the ear of the House. For to Arthur there were not only *two* sides to every question: there were at least half-a-dozen. Then, too, he had a neat turn for saying nasty things.

Balfour was not universally popular in Society, but his own little clique of ultra-civilized admirers—the "Souls" as they were called—adored him. His pose of cynical indifference irritated the Labour Party, who never guessed the common sense and keen grasp of affairs which it concealed. And his agnosticism did not please the Church party. Again, he took but little interest in sport, which, to the English people, shows a deplorable lack of moral worth. He preferred Handel to horses, books to boxing. But he had a Gallic

sense of reality, a quality which is not conspicuous in the House of Commons to-day. He was a great reader, often reading seven or eight books a week.

In 1898 Gladstone died. For sixty years his name had been a household word in England—the word being a swear-word, or a benediction, according to whether you had been born into this world a “little Liberal or a little Conservative.” To those who knew him it seemed hard to believe that that acute brain would never again function, that the passionately eager voice was stilled for ever. They gave him a great funeral—at Westminster Abbey. And yet he, who had known such adulation and popularity as few men have known, was borne to his long home amidst the thinnest of crowds. *Vanitas, Vanitatum.*

One of the most uncompromising supporters of Gladstone’s Irish Policy was John Morley—afterwards Lord Morley. He was a thoroughly honest man and an able, but prejudiced politician. Although he attained a leading position in Parliament, it was never a commanding one. It is as a writer that he is remembered and chiefly for his monumental *Life of Gladstone*, a book which will always be indispensable to students of mid-nineteenth century politics. He, like most of Goschen’s colleagues, kept up a warm friendship with that most friendly of men. Naturally he made use of Goschen’s intimate knowledge of Gladstone in his earlier days when writing his book. In 1903 he writes :

57 ELM PARK GARDENS,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.
Nov. 3. 1902.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

It is most kind of you to ask me and I wish more than I can say that I could have come. But I am running a race with time and “e’en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me”. I am dreadfully sorry, among other reasons because there are still “MS Gladstonianae” on which I would fain have something from you.

With sincere thanks,

Ever yours,

JOHN MORLEY.

Morley could be as inconsistent as his great Chief. In his *Life of Gladstone* he draws a pathetic picture of his Ministers tearfully

57, ELM PARK GARDENS,
SOUTH KENSINGTON.

S.W.

My Dear Goshen,

It is most kind of you to
ask me, and I wish more than
I can say that I could have come.

But I am running a race against
time, and "s'm Sunday shines no
Sabbath Day to us." I am dreadfully
sorry, among other reasons because
there are still 'res Gladiolus' on
which I would fain learn something
from you. With sincere thanks,
Ever yours,

John Morley

implored him not to withdraw the light of his countenance from them, but to continue to guide, comfort and command. In 1917, Morley wrote another book, *Recollections and Diaries*, the book, one imagines, for which he wished to draw on Goschen's memories. In this work he gives a totally different reason for Gladstone's retirement. Apparently his faithful followers forced him to retire and persuaded Morley to be their mouthpiece. The old gentleman was adamant and Morley had to induce Mrs. Gladstone to make him realize that he must stand not upon the order of his going, but go at once, or not later than February, 1894.

Morley's kindness to the young, political or literary, was infinite and he was ever ready to place his vast knowledge of letters and politics at their disposal. When he praised he did so unstintingly. In 1903 Goschen sent him his admirable life of his (Goschen's) father and Morley wrote him a charming letter acknowledging the gift.

"In one way," he said, "your book has been a reproach to me and I spent a whole long evening over it when I ought to have been reading my own proofs. You show yourself the master of a natural style—*extraordinarily* free, open, genial and flowing. I found myself curiously interested in the old gentleman's character—his buoyancy, force, vigour and enthusiasm. You make it all alive and real and any story that is alive and real must interest. . . . I wish he had not rejected Goethe's little piece, so that we might have had more of that august man. As it is, however, I find myself in the middle of the life and world of letters and an enchanted world it is. Old Dr. Johnson would have delighted in it all. He would, I think, have protested against the words 'cantankerous', 'worry' and 'dependable'."

Goschen also sent the book to Lord Lansdowne, who writes :

DERREEN,

KENMARE,

CO. KERRY.

April 8/11.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

The 2 vols. of your Father's life have arrived. I am very glad to possess them and to feel that I owe them to his son. I shall be able to attack them at once for I am leading an invalid life here, and have plenty of time for reading. A bad cold—caught I suppose on the journey—is a tiresome addition to my other ailments, and

obliges me for the moment to keep to my bed. But a few days of rest and good air will, I believe, put me to rights.

With very cordial thanks for your gift,

I am, my dear Goschen,

Yours Sincerely,

LANSDOWNE.

Lord Lansdowne never had any illusions about the Germans. At the time England, at Germany's request, undertook to co-operate with them in order to obtain a permanent settlement of the differences between China and the Great Powers, the English Government experienced an undercurrent of resentment on the part of the Chinese diplomats. Inquiries elicited the fact that the German Government had been secretly informing the Chinese that England intended to occupy Shanghai permanently and had no intention of leaving it when matters were settled. Lansdowne, who was then Foreign Secretary, wrote them a dispatch which was probably one of the stiffest ever written. He openly accused the German Government of falsehood and of circulating lies in order to prejudice the Chinese against the English. A few days after this the Kaiser visited England and spent a week-end at Sandringham. Lansdowne was one of those invited to meet him and he expected that his visit would not be very pleasant. The Kaiser, however, never alluded to the incident.

If Lord Lansdowne could revisit these glimpses of the moon, what would he think of Berkeley Square to-day?

Well, whatever the "Brave New World" is like, we can be very sure that it will be neither leisured nor dignified.

CHAPTER VI

POLITICIANS AND DIPLOMATS

IN the 'forties and 'fifties there was no more distinguished personality in politics than Lord Derby. He seems to have possessed every quality. His musical voice, beautiful English and elegant scholarship delighted the House and his graciousness and courtesy earned him the name of "the Rupert of debate." With it all he had a

lightness of touch and gaiety rare to find. I reproduce a letter not for its interest but for the beauty of the writing :

23 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,
S.W.

May 19, 1879.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I have your note of the 17th and the paper of your Society sent with it, which I will read and consider at leisure.

Very truly yours,
DERBY.

Rt. Hon. G. Goschen, M.P.

There can, I think, be no doubt that handwriting *does* express personality. No one could receive a letter in such a handwriting without wishing to know the writer. How different it is from the ungenial, utilitarian writing of John Dillon, which so clearly indicates the absence of any æsthetic quality. Most of the letters reproduced in these pages are legible and well-expressed, the signatures are clear and characteristic and the formation and connections of the characters show the orderly minds of their famous writers. Where this is not the case in a handwriting, a study of the writer's personality and career will often give us the reason.

Although since Goschen's break with Gladstone he had been in office under Lord Salisbury, he had never *formally* joined the Conservative Party. After the fall of Salisbury's Ministry in 1893, just before Gladstone's short and unhappy fourth term of office, he consulted Lord Hartington—now Duke of Devonshire—about doing so. The Duke wrote from Chatsworth :

If I had remained in the House of Commons I should very much have desired that you should remain with me, but I feel that Chamberlain's leadership makes a difference and I can quite understand that you will be more at home in their counsels than in ours. To tell the absolute truth, in confidence, I think that Chamberlain, though his tone was perfectly friendly towards you, will be more at ease when he knows of your decision. Both Chamberlain and H. James are in high spirits and full of fight. The animosity of the former against the Government is something quite remarkable.

May 19. 1879.

23. St. James's Square.
S.W.

Dear Mr. Goschen.

I have your note of the 17th,
and the paper of your
society sent with it. Which
I will read and consider
at leisure.

Yr truly yours
Derby

Right Hon. G. Goschen. M.P.

Goschen accordingly asked the Duke to propose him for the Carlton Club and asked Balfour to second him. He did not, however, resign his membership of Brooks's until nearly a year after.

The H. James to whom the Duke refers was one of the best known and most honest politicians of the day. He had been Attorney-General under Gladstone from 1880 to 1885 and when Gladstone was forming his second Ministry he offered James the Lord Chancellorship. But he well knew that Home Rule, to which he was bitterly opposed, was on the *tapis* and made the great sacrifice by declining the post. He was a brilliant speaker with a beautiful voice and perfect diction, but the rather delicate *timbre* of his voice made him difficult to hear except to those sitting very near him and it sometimes had the same effect as that so often produced by a piano solo at an evening party! He fought Home Rule tooth and nail and formed a firm alliance with Chamberlain's Liberal-Unionist party—to the great disgust of his erstwhile leader, Gladstone.

With Chamberlain, Goschen fought many battles over Tariff Reform. Goschen to the end of his life remained a convinced advocate of Free Trade. In one of the first of his Tariff Reform speeches Chamberlain said that if the Empire was to be held together it was absolutely necessary to arrange a preferential tariff with the Colonies. To this Goschen replied :

I believe Free Trade to be absolutely strong. I believe Free Trade will emerge from any difficulties if it sinks pedantry and abandons phrases and looks matters *really* in the face.

In the meanwhile Balfour sat on the fence.

An interesting politician was Gathorne-Hardy, raised to the peerage in 1877 as Lord Cranbrook. He and Goschen became closely connected as Goschen's eldest son—the present Viscount—married Gathorne-Hardy's daughter, whose intelligence and charm helped him so much in his political career. Gathorne-Hardy was a high Tory and a violent supporter of the Irish Church, over which he, and the even more violent Robert Lowe, had many a battle-royal in the House. On those occasions Lowe's nickname "Rabelais au Lait" was a misnomer. It was something much stronger than milk! In the same year in which he blossomed into a peer, he succeeded Lord Salisbury—who became Premier—at the India Office. Gathorne-Hardy, by the way, had the honour of defeating Gladstone at Oxford and was elected Member for the University. Several of the Goschen letters are addressed to him.

There is a business letter from Stafford-Northcote, afterwards Lord Iddesleigh, written from the House of Commons.

"Please look at this letter," he writes, "and tell me what you think of it before I send it to the Archbishop."

Stafford-Northcote was, in a way, a rather pathetic figure. He was not in the least brilliant, but he was a plodder, and both he and his wife had hoped and expected that his long, hard-working career and his devotion to the Party would eventually be rewarded with the Premiership. Unfortunately neither of them realized that while with some men, age seems to bring about no diminution of the intellectual faculties; with others, mind and body decline together. His end was tragically sudden. He was just entering the Prime Minister's room one morning to discuss matters, when he fell dead in the doorway to the immense regret of everyone. His massive bulk and leonine head had made him almost a Parliamentary landmark.

Until nearly the end of the nineteenth century, the United States were represented at the Court of St. James's by a Minister, not an Ambassador. In those happy days America was fortunate enough not to be embroiled in European politics. The three thousand miles which separated her from this quarrelsome continent, with its insane jealousies and racial hatreds, was then a long distance, and it had none of the religious and lingual difficulties which are the curse of Europe. And so the questions that called for diplomacy, though often needing tact and goodwill, did not necessitate the delicate dissimulation required in dealing with Eastern potentates, petty Balkan disturbers of the peace and that strange amalgam of sloppy, sentimental self-pity, cold cruelty, jealousy, stupidity and congenital dishonesty which is Germany. This being the case, America has—or had—no need for a highly-trained *Corps Diplomatique*, skilled in the art of concealment, and was able to choose distinguished men of letters or famous lawyers to represent her abroad. And some of the leading American lawyers, judges and writers are among the most cultured and delightful men in existence. Of these we have had the good fortune to welcome three: James Russell Lowell,¹ E. J. Phelps, and Walter Page; all three were great lovers of England.

James Russell Lowell was one of the best writers America has produced. His *Biglow Papers* brought him immense fame and popularity both in England and in his own country. His "Essays on the English Poets," though less known, are admirable. It was Lowell who wrote an essay on "a certain air of condescension" he

¹ See signature, p. 124.

observed in the English visiting America—replaced now by envy! He was Minister in London from 1880–1885. His social success was very great; perhaps no Minister was ever more regretted when he left. He and the Goschens became excellent friends. In one letter he writes:

10 LOWNDES SQUARE,
S.W.

5th December, 1885.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I have been considering as the Cow was advised to do. What the result in her cud was I know not, but it has done me no manner of good. I hate to refuse you and I hate to be made miserable for weeks with the foreboding of an address to deliver. Can you tell me without too much trouble just what would be expected of me? The audience interests me and I should be glad to do it if I could. I am lucky I believe, to escape one address (that at St. Andrew's) on the ground of my alienage and I am not sorry. But I am sorry with everybody else that anything should have come between you and the Speakership. Parliament is becoming such a bramble bush that (according to the nursery rhyme) leaping into it ought to restore a man's eyes. Reading your speech the other day in Scotland would have led me to think that of all men in the world you were the last inclined to be short-sighted.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Goschen and your daughter.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

In a letter to Lady Cranbrook, he writes:

"I feel highly honoured at being permitted to inscribe my name in your book. If it were only as easy to write a permanent name as a permanent autograph!"

Lowell once came into conflict with Gladstone at a small dinner-party. Gladstone was talking as usual about Ireland and said that the high, narrow, small towers which can be seen near Naas are the oldest and most astounding historical monuments known. Lowell gently suggested that the pyramids were not of yesterday. Gladstone, deeply annoyed at any suggestion that even the least of his *dicta* should be questioned, turned on him and said, "When did you come back from America?"

"I left New York ten days ago," answered Lowell.

"Can you tell me why New York is the worst governed city in America?"

"Yes I can, but you would not like the answer."

"What is it?"

"That the Irish have got control of it through Tammany Hall."

Gladstone was so angry that he refused to speak to Lowell the rest of the evening. Lowell was a brilliant talker, but rather inclined to lay down the law; and his *obiter dicta* were sometimes open to question. He has been defined as "An inaccurate man with an accurate manner."

Of the second of these notable Americans, Phelps, Lord George Hamilton—who knew him well—wrote: "Amongst the various big men whom the United States have sent to this country as their Ambassadors, none ranks higher as a jurisprudent and constitutional lawyer than Mr. Phelps. He was discretion itself and could not be induced to discuss the Home Rule Bill, or its provisions, though the opinion of a great constitutional lawyer accustomed to plead before the Supreme Court of the United States on questions of controversy between the Powers of the Federal Government and the sovereign rights of the individual, his knowledge would have been most valuable."

Phelps did, however—while expressing the very highest opinion of the ability of our legal men—make one criticism. They had, he thought, little or no knowledge as to the definitions or limitations of the relative powers of Federal and State Governments. The drafting of the Home Rule Bill, especially the clauses concerning disputes between the Governments of Great Britain and Ireland, were, he said, a proof of this ignorance and want of experience. The relations between the different States in the Union and the Central Government give American legislators this experience. Phelps was getting old when he came to England—and he didn't like it. He writes to Mrs. Goschen:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

July 12. 1887.

DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

I was much touched and gratified by the thoughtful kindness of you and your daughter yesterday. The charming bouquet of red, white and blue by which you signified your remembrance of my birthday is the token of a friendship that I value more highly than I can easily tell.

At my time of life birthdays bring only memories of the past instead of hopes for the future. The years of which they necessarily mark the close, carry one away from, rather than towards the meridian height which is the goal of human life. But there are choice

Légation of the United States
London

July 22. 1887

Dear Mr Goschen.

I was much touch-
ed and gratified by
the thoughtful kindness
of yourself and your
daughter yesterday. The
charming bouquet in red
white & blue by which
you signified your re-
membrance of my birthday
is the token of a friend-
ship that I value more
highly than I can easily

flowers of memory as well as of hope. And none so choice as those which have been planted along the way by kindly and cherished hands. The leaves of such never wither and their perfume ever exhales.

May many many happy birthdays come to you and yours long after I shall have ceased to reckon mine, clouded by no sorrows and chilled by no disappointments. Pray accept and convey to your daughter my thanks and believe me, dear Mrs. Goschen,

Always cordially yours,

E. J. PHELPS.

The old *cri du coeur* of all of us who draw toward an end.

“And all the years and seasons
That ever can ensue
Must now be worse and few.”

Phelps's handwriting would interest a graphologist. It slopes very steeply to the right, the middle zone, i.e. the small letters are extremely long and the loops of the other letters, both up and down, are inordinately long. It shows the exact orderly mind of the lawyer with the strong idealism of an artist and also a great love of the life he felt was soon to close for him.

Two years later he again wrote—a letter of farewell, to Mr. Goschen.

“I shall cherish the memory of the friendship I have had the privilege and pleasure of enjoying with Mrs. Goschen, your daughter and yourself among the many happy memories of my English life,” he writes, and begs them to pay him a visit in America.

In 1880, after the great Liberal victory, Goschen found it impossible to join the Cabinet as he was strongly opposed to the extension of the county franchise. Lord Granville offered him the vice-royalty of India, but neither he nor his wife wanted to leave their six young children for five years. Then, too, he was not at all sure that he would see eye to eye with Gladstone on Imperial policy. Lord Granville then offered him the Embassy at Constantinople, but he had no wish to forsake politics for diplomacy. After much pressure he agreed to go to Turkey as Ambassador Extraordinary.

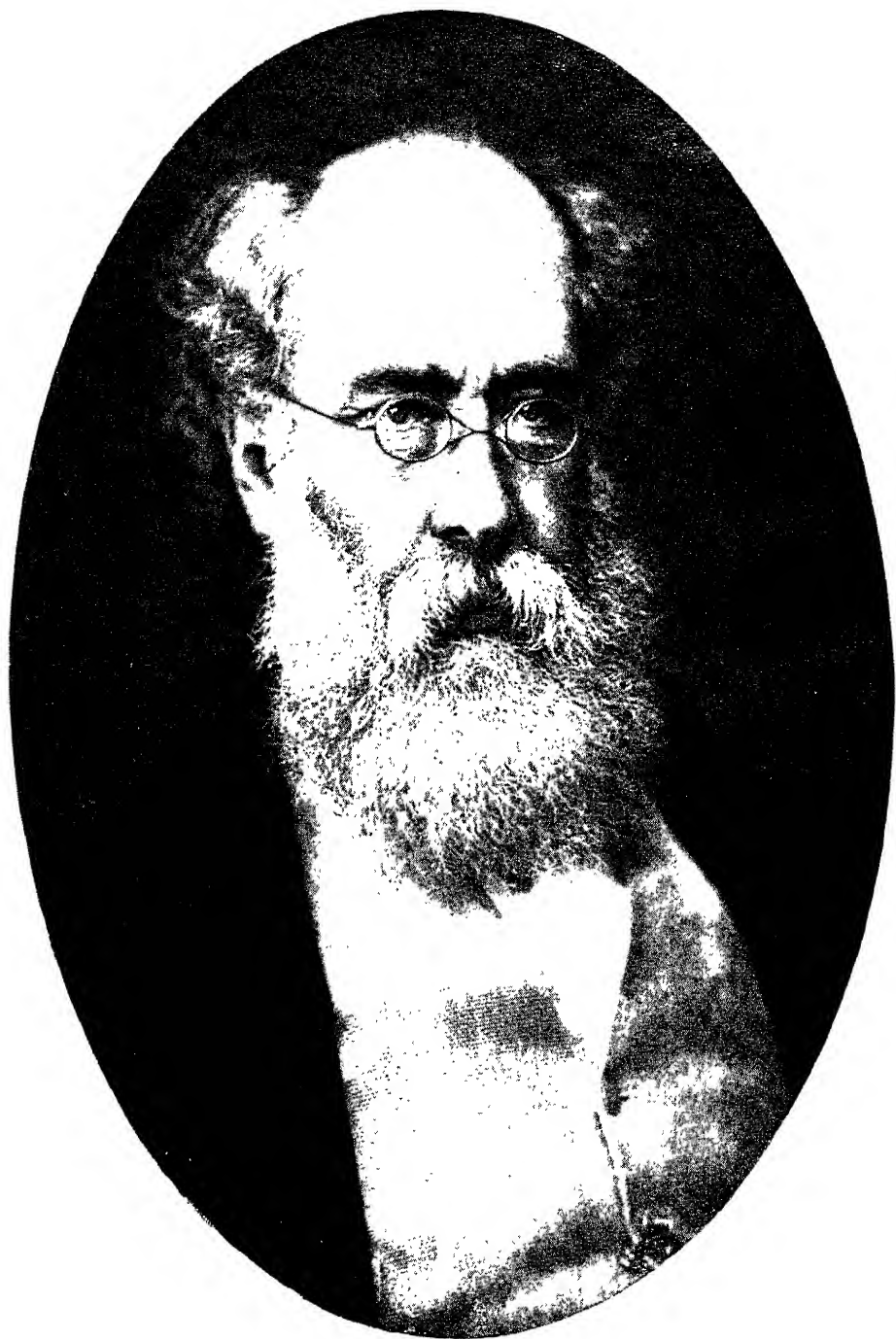
Conditions in the Near East were at that time causing the Powers a good deal of anxiety. War threatened between Turkey and Greece, and the Sultan, “the sick man of Europe,” with more than the usual Eastern procrastination, delayed in giving effect to the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Berlin with regard to Greece, Montenegro and Armenia.

The Balkan States at that day were quarrelsome and difficult to deal with and the Powers had not only to try to prevent them from flying at each other's throats, but to cope with the wily Sultan. But Goschen, as Granville wrote to him, had the full support of the Cabinet. In October, 1880, Gladstone wrote :

I believe you and we are completely at one as to instructions, desires, and propositions. But mood is acted upon by *entourage* ; and our, let me rather say Granville's, *entourage* is different from yours. He is in close communication with foreign Governments, you with the Constantinople Ambassadors, and these upon the whole, and notably in one if not more instances, are better than the Governments. He is in the best position of us all for judging how great a weight we can safely hang upon what ought to be a cable, but sometimes seems a thread—an European Concert. He has got to pursue a most difficult line by means as difficult, and in doing this he has very properly renounced the big drum, and never uses a word except what, so far as England is concerned, he means to act upon, within the limits of course of the other two conditions. A task not only of Hercules, but almost of Sisyphus.

I feel the question that will arise after we get quit of Dulcigno, and say of Montenegro, to be a most grave one. Sole action might be Quixotic, and would only require a new start. But what form combination may take, and when, can I fear only be judged at the last moment. Most certainly if there is to be a halt, it will not be, so far as I am concerned, a case of "rest and be thankful," but rather of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. I write this on the instant from Hawarden without its passing under any ministerial eye. Yet I write boldly in proportion as I believe that *our* Concert, at any rate, holds and will hold.

At Constantinople, Goschen found himself in the thick of the life of intrigue and duplicity dear to the diplomatist : there were M. Tissot, the French Ambassador, "with the amusing tongue of his race" ; Count Corti at the Italian Embassy, and Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, each trying to manœuvre the solution most politically useful to his own country, while the Turks, courteously and good-temperedly, did their best to render every suggested compromise abortive. Count Hatzfeldt, being German and having the formidable Bismarck to reckon with, was difficult ; the Russian Ambassador, M. Novikoff, timid. The sympathy of most of the *Corps Diplomatique* was rather for the Turkish point of view. Finally—Lord Granville having brought pressure to bear on Tissot



ANTHONY TROLLOPE

and Corti—the English policy was adopted, and Hatzfeldt had to acquiesce, *bon gré, mal gré*.

Probably Mrs. Goschen got the most amusement out of the stay in Turkey. Every day there were lunches, dinners and fêtes. One evening they dined with Abdul Hamid.

MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES,
CABINET DU MINISTRE,
CONSTANTINOPLE.
4 *Juillet*, 1880.

MON CHER AMBASSADEUR,

J'ai l'honneur de vous informer que Sa Majesté Impériale, le Sultan, m'a chargé d'inviter Votre Excellence, Madame et Mademoiselle Goschen, ainsi que Sir Alfred Sandison à Diner au Palais de Yldiz, demain 5 *Juillet* à 12 heures du soir à la Turque.

Veillez agréer, mon cher Ambassadeur, les nouvelles assurances de ma haute considération.

ABÉDINE.

Son Excellence,

Monsieur Goschen. Ambassadeur de Sa Majesté Britannique.

There are many social letters—invitations and acceptances of invitations. From Tissot, in an elegant tiny handwriting, full of the elaborate *remerciements et les hommages* that the French code of manners exacts; from Corti, Hatzfeldt, de Novikoff. Everyone agreed that Goschen fulfilled his mission wonderfully well, but he was not born for diplomacy. He was never quite comfortable when he was told what he knew to be “a downright lie,” not having the art of being immediately ready with a bigger one. *L'esprit d'escalier* is fatal for a diplomatist!

When it was all over he wrote to Mrs. Goschen—on May 3, 1881.

I had an historical dinner last night. The Ambassadors dined with me, and in the middle of dinner the Note—the long-expected Note—came, by which the Turks expressed their full and unqualified acceptance of our proposals. There! It is done. We have not worked for nothing, but D.V. have achieved a great success. I have been delayed from week to week, but it is something, is it not, to have helped as much as I have done to settle a question which has baffled all Europe so long. My colleagues were so pleased. We drank a glass of champagne to our own health, and every kind of

joke was made. In the gay chaff which went round the table I was not spared a sly dig reminding me of the protesting attitude of Her Majesty's Government towards the terms of the award. They said I was maintaining a *mécontentment officiel*, but that I was as pleased as any of them. Certainly I was pleased !

During the protracted negotiations, Goschen was invited to meet the old Emperor and also to dine with Bismarck. In a letter to his wife he wrote :

On Sunday at one o'clock I went in uniform to see the old Emperor. He was charming and most agreeable, and spoke wonderfully well for a man of eighty-five. We talked, *sitting*—a good deal about politics for a full half-hour. He told me that Münster had written that we had offered Hatzfeldt a passage in one of our men-of-war with me. . . . Then I was taken to the Empress, whose voice was so mournful that it gave the impression of deep melancholy. At five in the afternoon Hatzfeldt, I, the Foreign Minister, and Dr. Busch (*not* the biographer) dined with Bismarck without dressing. He hates white ties and tail coats as much as —. He reminded me of a country squire in many ways. The big dog was there in full force. A regular German dinner and very enjoyable. Tell — that Bismarck spoke to his servant Engel at dinner just as he does to his butler. "Have you another bottle of this, Engel?" "Of what year is this, Engel?" and so on—a capital host. Bismarck made an excellent dinner but not so good as I expected. He said a number of quaint and good things. Here is a very characteristic specimen. "I rather envy you English statesmen the excitement of the House of Commons. You have the pleasure of being able to call a man a damned infernal scoundrel. Now I can't do that in diplomacy."

The fish course at his dinner consisted of lampreys, a small eel-like fish. The old Chancellor told Goschen he had once eaten eighty-one. Lord Odo Russell, the British Ambassador, who was present, asked him if he had not suffered for his feat. "Yes," said Bismarck. "I have often regretted what I have eaten, but never what I have drunk." Asked if he had never been the worse for his drinking bouts he said, "I did not say I had not been the worse for them ; I said I never regretted them."

Among the letters from diplomats there is one which must surely be unique. It is that of a former French Ambassador sending

Goschen five pounds towards a memorial to Archbishop Tait. But then, he had an English wife.

Count Hatzfeldt, to whom I have referred, was a type of German that seems to have vanished ; he would have felt quite out of his element with Hitler. In 1885 he visited Goschen at Seacox.

GERMAN EMBASSY,
9, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE,
S.W.

le 1^{ère} déc. 1885.

MON CHER GOSCHEN,

J'ai reçu aujourd'hui votre lettre et je m'empresse de vous dire que j'accepte avec grand plaisir votre aimable invitation pour samedi prochaine. Le Comte Metternich est très reconnaissant que vous voulez bien lui inviter de se joindre à moi et sera charmé d'en profiter. Nous partirons donc par le train de 3.55 de Charing Cross, par le samedi prochaine si vous voulez me faire parvenir les détails sur la route à prendre.

Je me rejouis vivement de vous revoir et de présenter mes hommages à Madame Goschen, qui j'espère, a bien voulu continuer la bienveillance qu'elle m'a témoignée à Constantinople.

Votre bien dévoué,

V. HATZFELDT.

There is a letter from M. de Staal, the Russian Ambassador, on the assassination of the Emperor Alexandre III in 1894.

CHER M. GOSCHEN [he writes],

Je vous remercie de coeur des paroles de sympathie que vous m'avez adressées. Dans la profonde affliction où je me trouve, l'unanimité des regrets que laisse mon Souverain bien aimé est un soutien de l'âme. Je suis même de constater tous les jours par la presse comme par les lettres qui me parviennent combien on a su apprécier en Angleterre les hautes qualités de L'Empereur Alexandre III. C'est une véritable satisfaction pour moi et je suis heureux de pouvoir vous le dire. STAAL.

FACSIMILES OF SOME FAMOUS SIGNATURES



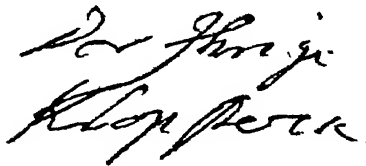
SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT



JOHN DILLON



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



KLOPSTOCK



E. BULWER LYTTON

CHAPTER VII

LIFE AND LETTERS

AS the grandfather of Lord Goschen was a famous publisher it is not surprising that he was always interested in books and authors and counted among his friends and acquaintances many of the great authors of his time. He was particularly fortunate in living in a period when many of the most famous authors in this country and abroad were writing. Lord Goschen always found relaxation from his public work in reading the works of the great authors of his time, and, very frequently, in entertaining them. For example, Lord Goschen was quite naturally attracted to the great authors in Germany. Had not his grandfather set up in a humble way as a publisher in Leipzig and had the good sense to publish Schiller when he was just beginning to make his name? He lived to see his publication of Schiller's work more than justified and his popularity almost rivalling that of Goethe.

When Schiller began to capture the imagination of the German people and his work was widely recognized outside Germany—that country was not as the world has seen it since, nor were the people imbued with the doctrines of Germany as the destined master and ruler of the world which led them to war and disaster under the Kaiser in 1914–1918, and to the same fate in a worse sense in the war under Hitler and his gang in 1939–1945.

To begin with, at that time they did not even speak of themselves as Germans; they were Saxons, Bavarians, Thuringians, Prussians, according to the State in which they had been born. They were peaceful little States with their dull petty courts "full of ridiculous etiquette and minute twaddle," as Leopold I of Belgium said of them. The people were emotional but their emotions found expression in poetry, hero worship, and above all in music. They lived regular and laborious lives and reared large families. Goethe, however, was not deceived in them and fully realized their potential danger of uncontrolled emotion and passion for hero worship. It may seem hard to understand how the Germany of Goethe's time could have changed so completely in the twentieth century. A study of the real German character, expressed so clearly in German poetry, literature and music provides the answer. The signs of the degeneration are all there for students of history to seek. A very interesting

book could be written showing the causes of Germany's decline and fall from the days of Goethe and Schiller to the coming of Hitler and his National Socialism. . . . But to return to Schiller.

Much of Schiller's poetry is full of the sickly romanticism common to all writers of his day. Even Goethe's early work is full of it, especially "Werther," which caused oceans of tears to be shed. It ran through Germany like the measles and every romantic youth felt that the sorrows of Werther were his own. In France, too, it made a *furor* and later on, Massenet wrote one of his most successful operas on the subject. George III and Charlotte wept over it, but then George was thoroughly German.

Goethe has long been crowned with the immortals and the best of Schiller's work has also escaped the injuries of time. The letter below was written when he was already stricken with the disease which eventually killed him.

JENA.

24th Oct. 1791.

Soon, dear friend, the business of words will be over—as I let you know through W. —and you will not be disturbed with it again in your present mood. For the moment I only want to ask you one thing about the "Thalia". Are you going to have it printed here? I should like it very much, on account of their accuracy, and they have been for some time (as I have just heard) a very reasonable printing firm, with whom you would get on much better than with anyone at Leipzig. Let me know soon, if you intend to do anything about this: otherwise, I will send the manuscripts to Leipzig. With the first number of the new "Thalia", I hope to be honoured (as I have certainly told you) above all our other journalists. It will include the whole tenth book of the Aeneid, the Destruction of Troy, which is a piece of 135 stanzas complete in itself, and which gave me more pleasure than many an original piece that I have composed at other times. You will be pleased with it, also. However, since I have rather played the fool in these verses, I must trouble you to insist upon a particularly elegant format, so that the poem will be as nice to look at, as it is to read. Indeed, in all respects, I must beg you from the bottom of my heart to get the "Thalia" up as nicely as possible. I leave you the choice between Bürger's "Akademie der Redekünste" and the "deutsches Monatsheft"! But be that as it may, "Thalia" has got to be on the same level as these two reviews as far as outward appearance goes. If you can manage to get for it Latin type like that in Bürger's Journal, so

much the better. As to the cover, let me think out something fresh : we must have something quite out of the way there.

A nice young man, Dr. Niethammer, is here at the moment—he is from Swabia, and has been helping with the “gothische Zeitung” at Ettingen for a time ; but he is now teaching again, while trying to get on some literary paper. I am on very good terms with him, and intend to rope him in to help with “Thalia”, to give the contributions a searching review, to introduce a uniform spelling, and to correct the proofs. Such a fellow would be of very great service to us, especially just now, when I am so unwell, and when we really want to get the “Thalia” going with a swing. He would be under my eye, and could discuss things with me at any time, and look after the necessary correspondence. If you can spare 4 or 5 Louisdors for his salary every quarter, I will double it, and we’ve got him. I have probed him about it in the course of conversation, and he is ready for what I suggest. Answer this quickly.

Meanwhile, dear friend, please leave me another fortnight to elucidate your query about Luther.

Ever your SCHILLER.

Who, in these days, remembers the name of Klopstock!—probably not one of my readers. And yet in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries he was a leading light in German literature. He, too, was one of Goschen’s authors and it is to his credit that he early recognized the genius of young Schiller. Klopstock’s absurd name seems to have fitted its owner remarkably well ; he was the Dr. Watts of his day, full of moral platitudes and uplift. With a group of young writers and poets he founded a Guild, whose members met on summer evenings under a spreading German oak. Each youth, on joining, pledged himself solemnly to “Religion, Virtue, Sensibility”—but not sense !—“and innocent wit”—to produce any kind of wit must have wrung their withers badly. At their meetings they could rage against Voltaire and the “Tyranny of Princes” and then make a nice bonfire in which to burn the latest works of that Corrupter of Youth and Morals, Wieland—incidentally, a serious rival of Klopstock. They then called enthusiastically on “Vaterland and Virtue” and went home to bed. All very *sturdy und drangy* !

Klopstock wrote a *Life of Christ*, which Goschen published. Proofs in these days seem to have been as great a nuisance as they are now. He writes to Goschen :

My friend Mr. Basset—a Frenchman—is bringing to you, dear Mr. Goschen, MS. for the first volume of the *Messiah*. At any rate

¹ See signature, p. 124.

I will continue from time to time with 5 such cantos. You will certainly receive the MS. early enough to make our arrangements. I have my reasons not to send everything at once as I had promised. Please send me, the sooner the better, two sheets of the proofs of the *Messiah* ; i.e., one in which the lines are as far apart as in the *Odes* and a second, where they are a little, *just a very little* further distant from each other. The number of the verse to be put at the bottom. The indicative numerals are not to be separated by dashes (Not : V30—50) but by dots (i.e. V30 . . 50)—Sheet 50 is the last I have received of the *Odes*.

Your KLOPSTOCK.

As I have said, Lord Goschen was by tradition and upbringing keenly interested in the arts and fortunate in living during one of the most richly creative periods in English literature. The list of outstanding writers of the time is a long one, but one need only mention a few to realize that later periods have produced nothing like the same number of great creative artists ; Trollope, Meredith, Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Kipling, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne. It was also a period of artistic living which seemed to stimulate creative work far more effectively than the scientific, economic, political, commercial and utilitarian outlooks and practices of our own times, which to some of us at least seem poor and uninspiring by comparison. There certainly has been and still is a very high level of average talent and a great many people can write very well—but there has not been a corresponding growth in real inspiration. As one well-known critic put it in speaking of modern literature, “the level of ordinary talent has never been so high but the level of inspiration has never been so low.”

At the time when the great creative writers were at work Lord Goschen was well placed to come into personal contact with them. The time when such writers, artists and musicians were regarded by some sections of High Society as not particularly desirable or presentable socially had passed. Society had found that great creative artists were not only quite as presentable as dull aristocrats, county people and rich business magnates, but infinitely more interesting and amusing. Well-known writers, artists and musicians soon began to go everywhere in Society.

Thackeray and his daughter Anne were both extremely popular in the social world. Anne was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Goschen, as the following letter shows :

FRESHWATER BAY,
ISLE OF WIGHT.
May 9.

MY DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

I am down here with the children and I am afraid I shall not be able to get back in time to come to you. I should have loved it very much only it is so long since I have been anywhere that I hardly know how to begin again. It would have been very nice under your kind wing and I should have liked to meet the Princess. Almost the last time I ever dined out I was introduced to her and now that you have so kindly thought of me it brings it all back.

Freshwater always makes me well again. I do hope you have shaken off your pains and that the east wind is gone and that you will be well. May I come and lunch one day for I should so much like to see you once more.

Yours affectionately,
ANNE THACKERAY.

The children are at the moment stealing Mr. Tennyson's prim-roses. He is coming here to-morrow.

Anne Thackeray was, in her day, a popular story writer, though, I suppose, her work is practically unknown to the present generation and—with the exception of the immortal *Vanity Fair*—few of her famous father's novels are now read much. Swinburne, however, did not undervalue them: he wrote, "To the exquisite genius, the tender devotion, the faultless taste, the unfailing tact of his daughter, we owe the most perfect memorial ever raised to the fame and to the character of any great writer, by any editor, or commentator, or writer of prefaces or preludes."

Both Anne Thackeray and Mrs. Goschen had a genius for friendship and Anne was one of the most loved members of that coterie of clever people, which included the Brownings, the Rossettis, Tennyson, Millais, Burne-Jones, Ruskin, William Morris—the much-discussed pre-Raphaelites.

This formal letter from Tennyson was the beginning of a warm friendship between him and the Goschen family:

FARRINGFORD,
FRESHWATER,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

June 24th, 1873.

DEAR MADAM,

Accept my thanks for your kind invitation, all the more kind

June 24th 1873

Dear Madam

Accept my thanks for your kind invitation, all the more kind as being to me personally unknown, when you must have had so many known to whom it would have been a pleasure to offer it &

Believe me

Yours very truly

Alfred Tennyson

as being to one personally unknown, when you must have had so many known to whom it would have been a pleasure to offer it.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

Tennyson played his two parts, poet and peer, admirably. He dressed that of poet : inky cloak, black slouch hat, loose tie and aloof demeanour. As peer—well, people when meeting him for the first time were apt to feel that :

“Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.”

No wonder he thought well of himself : who but he had ever got a fortune and a peerage out of poetry ? and, strange to say, good poetry, for at his best he was an authentically great poet. At his worst—and all “best sellers” must very often be at their worst—not even Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or Alfred Austin, not to speak of Wordsworth, could be more banal. It is difficult to account for his tremendous vogue. No doubt it was, to some extent, owing to Queen Victoria’s expressed admiration and friendship ; perhaps even more to his unique gift for voicing the spirit of his age, that curious compound of religiosity, respectability, emotionalism, and romantic sentimentality, which came to be known as “Victorianism.” His strange lapses into the cheap bathos of the “May Queen,” “The Lord of Burleigh,” “Lady Clara Vere de Vere,” and similar “pot-boilers” can be explained only by his having an expensive pot to boil and so, being obliged to cater for a large and semi-literate paying public ; the public which wept over “Tiny Tim,” for whom the “Psalm of Life” stood for poetry and Landseer for painting, but which did not object to the exploitation of little children, or to sweated labour. Keats—an infinitely greater poet than Tennyson—never tried to gain cheap popularity, and poor Schiller was, as we have seen, always pressed for money ; for such pitifully small sums too.

There is a letter from Browning, a typical letter, for a large part of his correspondence must have consisted of accepting or refusing invitations.

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.

Feb. 28. '78.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I beg to thank you exceedingly for your kind invitation, and to

say how sorry I am that it finds me already engaged. Pray offer
my best respects to Mrs. Goschen and believe me,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Browning loved dining out and he was inundated with invitations, for he was a kindly, genial, optimistic man, an "all's right with the world" sort of man. No aloof airs, or poet's garb for him. I must confess regretfully that his poetry leaves me quite cold. Lord David Cecil calls it, "obscure and ugly, but exciting." I should rather have said, irritating. But all the same, his very obscurity and his queer clumsy sense of rhyming, render him, in a way, more modern than Tennyson. T. S. Eliot, Auden and the rest owe much to him. Wilde disliked his poems as much as he disliked Meredith's prose. "Meredith is a prose Browning," he said, and added, "So is Browning."

Browning and his talented wife lived for some years in Florence ; and during that period they produced a son : "The funniest oddest thing you ever saw," said a lady to Lord Granville. "Ah," replied his Lordship, smiling. "Then there will be not *two* incomprehensibles, but *three* incomprehensibles."

Victorian poets had every reason to be grateful to Tennyson ; he undoubtedly made poetry—and poets—fashionable. One of them, Sir Lewis Morris, now practically forgotten, almost rivalled the Poet-Laureate in popularity for a time. But he could not stay the course and became one of those,

"Runners whom renown outran,
And the name died before the man."

Morris, too, was a social favourite, so much so that Cabinet Ministers to him were like silver in Solomon's days, "nothing accounted of." He writes to Mrs. Goschen from the Reform Club : "I hope you will think well of me for resisting temptation and not coming to you on the 20th, on which day unfortunately I am engaged to humbler friends. I am hoping to meet you at Lady Ripon's to-night." Morris had not much to say, but he said it very gracefully. Housman admired his facility and workmanship.

Morris was one of the pet poets of the pre-Raphaelite group. For all their good intentions, they become a little faded after their early raptures, a little ridiculous with their pretensions and affectations. Only the art *they* patronized, could be called art. Thus, their only critic was Ruskin and they proclaimed Burne-Jones and Rossetti to be the greatest painters of all time.

19. Warwick Crescent, W
Feb. 28, '78.

Dear Mr Groschen,

I beg to thank you exceedingly
for your kind invitation, and to say
how sorry I am that it finds me at-
tending engagements.

Pray offer my best respects to
Mrs Groschen, and believe me

Yours very truly
Robert Browning

Another poet who frequented Mrs. Goschen's hospitable house was the egregious Alfred Austin. Austin has achieved an immortality denied to "many far wiser than he"—not to say, greater! Had he written nothing but these two couplets, he would, indeed, like Lady Godiva, have "earned himself an everlasting name."

"They went across the veldt
As hard as they could pelt."

The second, known to all the world, is an even more priceless gem :

"Across the wires the electric message came,
He is no better, he is much the same." !

Alfred applied for the post of Poet-Laureate after Tennyson's death, "and," said Lord Salisbury, "as there was no other applicant, I gave it to him." It would have been far less easy to obtain the post of Government Inspector of Nuisances! But in that position Alfred would have had the gratification of inspecting himself unceasingly.

Let us continue the line of literary lions with that most genial of men, Anthony Trollope. On May 24, 1875, he writes to Mrs. Goschen :

39 MONTAGU SQUARE.

MY DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

I shall be most happy to dine with you on next Friday.

Yours faithfully,

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Few authors have led so full a life as Trollope. He was an admirable and conscientious Civil Servant, a hard rider to hounds, he dined out incessantly, and yet found time to write those long, engrossing novels, which have made so remarkable a "come-back" of late years. What a relief *Barchester Towers* seems, after one of those interminable, psycho-analytic novels, which relate the life stories of their dreary heroes: their frustrated five-year-old days, illicit loves, disastrous marriages, and lonely old ages.

Trollope, in his autobiography, tells us that he did everything to a time-table—writing included. That his books should now be so much read is a sign of the great interest felt in all things Victorian.

Trollope, with inimitable skill, shows us how life was lived in the—(in retrospect and comparison)—golden days of Queen Victoria. He draws nostalgic pictures of social security, quiet country towns,



24. May. 1870

39, Montagu Square.

My dear Mr. Forster.

I shall be most
happy to dine with
you on next Friday.

very faithfully

Anthony Trollope

Cathedral Closes, squires, parsons and "young ladies" who behave as *sich*, and he does not forget to point a moral. What matter if he is continually interrupting the action in order to do so, and to condemn, excuse, or sympathize with his characters? At all events, he never attempts to dredge in the sewers of their pre-natal emotions! But with the exception of the Barchester novels, I do not think the Trollope vogue will last; it is a form of escapism. He had neither the ironic humour, the reticence, the constructive talent, nor the unique style—in a word—the genius, which makes the novels of Jane Austen as modern as though they had been written yesterday.

Goschen and Trollope had been friends for many years. In 1867 Trollope asked Goschen to write an article on the political situation for the first number of the *St. Paul's Magazine* of which he (Trollope) had just become editor. Many famous men had consented to write for it and Millais was on its staff of artists. For some reason or other, it never fulfilled its brilliant promise. Goschen wrote two unsigned articles—"The Leap in the Dark" and "The New Electors." In the first of these he discussed the question of secular and religious education which was even then coming to the fore and which involved the rivalry between clerical ascendancy and State authority. Goschen wrote:

The country is not yet in favour of secular as against religious education, and the vast majority would still prefer that timely concession and mutual forbearance might render arrangements possible under which religious instruction would continue to form an important element of every school. But the country must not be driven to choose between the two—between improved education on the one hand, and the maintenance of denominational education on the other. It is certain which of the two in that case would have to go to the wall.

Among Mrs. Goschen's many literary friends whom one would have liked to meet was George Eliot. She writes:

THE PRIORY,
NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK.
May 24, '78.

DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

We shall be very happy to dine with you on Friday the 31st at 8 o'clock, according to your kind invitation. Glad you like *Mes*

Souvenirs. The writer's experience is more interesting than her personality.

Yours sincerely,

M. A. LEWES.

This letter was written a few months before Lewes died. Their *liaison* had been a lifelong one and—curiously enough, for that highly proper period—Society had condoned and accepted it. They would not have done so in the case of a lesser personage. But George Eliot in the 'seventies and 'eighties was a very important literary lion—too important to be ignored by the Mrs. Leo Hunters. It must be remembered, too, that the 'eighties placed her on the same level as the Brontës and Dickens; far above Trollope, who, for his part, was considered just as far above Hardy. Of Meredith they made an idol. When Lewes died, George Eliot took a husband, a Mr. Cross, who was only thirty-five and looked less. She was over sixty and looked more.

What, by the way, *did* Victorians see in the dreary, humourless novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, *Robert Elsmere* and the rest? They sold by the thousand and went into innumerable editions; they were discussed seriously in the press and clergymen made them the subject of sermons. But they are dead enough now. Mrs. Humphry Ward's name, however, is still remembered, though no one reads her books. It has been saved from the fate of "not thinking on" by Max Beerbohm's inimitable cartoon, in which as a little girl in a very Victorian frock, she is drawn addressing her uncle, Matthew Arnold.

"Why, Uncle Matthew, oh why will not you be always wholly serious?" she asks!

Mrs. Ward's handwriting is so attractive that one wonders that it did not of its own volition turn its writer's thoughts "to favour and to prettiness," refusing to record the "dull futile heart-searchings of doubting Robert." She writes to Mrs. Goschen from abroad, regretting that she will not be home in time to accept an invitation to Seacox.

Here is a letter from Bulwer Lytton,¹ written from Knebworth. It is typical of him, for he would go to any trouble to help young beginners. It is written to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, who—as I have said—was intimately connected with the Goschens:

¹ See signature, p. 124.

KNEBWORTH.

STEVENAGE, HERTS.

July 11th, 1866.

DEAR MR. HARDY,

I fear you will rank me with the most importunate friends whom office introduces to him who enters thereon. But I have a young *protégé* of the age of 18 on whose behalf I venture to ask if you could oblige me with a nomination to a clerkship in your Department. It strikes me as not impossible that you may have to take in some supernumerary hands at this time and in that case, would you give him a trial? If not—should you kindly favour me with the promise of a nomination—would you further tell me if there be any chance of an early vacancy and would you direct your secretary to send me the memorandum of the subjects on which candidates are examined? I should not suffer any personal regard for the young man in question to induce this application if I did not honestly believe him likely to be a very useful public servant. He is extremely industrious and painstaking and of a thoroughly honest and earnest nature. He has just left King's College where he was in the head form, is a fair classic, a very good French scholar and of sound practical sense: the sort of wood out of which one carves not a Hermes, but a very good specimen of man. I should feel it a double kindness if you could aid me in placing my young friend in your service.

Truly yours,

E. BULWER LYTTON.

One hopes this Admirable Crichton of eighteen got his job. In those happy days, peers and Cabinet Ministers could generally work the oracle. By the year 1866, Lytton had passed safely through the stormy waters of his early and middle years and as famous author and Grand Seigneur, had an enviable position. And yet he never achieved either happiness or personal popularity.

It is understandable. His father was a bully, violent-tempered and without any intellectual interests in life; his mother, well-bred, cold, clever and Puritanical, hated her husband and after incessant quarrels—insane rage on his part, frigid indifference on hers—she left him, shortly before the birth of her second son, the future novelist. With such a background, how could he possibly grow up a normal human being? Throughout his life, says Michael Sadleir, "he lay athwart the pattern of his age and circle, at once self-distrustful and self-confident, rightly sure of his own pre-eminence, but never sure how to impose it on the world."

His love affairs were unfortunate. He had a brief, but passionate early romance, quite in the style of Werther, which was then raging on the Continent. So true to type was the story that the object of his affections—like Annabel Lee—died an early death. Later on he married and this time the lady unfortunately did not die. After the first raptures, disenchantment came, and for many years before the final separation, their life was a hell on earth.

Lytton's numerous activities included politics. It was he who first agitated in the House of Commons for the creation of a dramatic copyright and for the suppression of theatrical monopolies; he also advocated the abolition of the tax on newspapers and introduced legislation for the reform of the Royal Academy.

His popularity as a novelist was enormous. Not only did his books have a huge sale in England: his fame was international and his name was equally well-known in France, Germany and in America. This, of course, stimulated the hostility of his detractors—who included many of the critics—almost to hysteria, and Lytton, who was very thin-skinned, was correspondingly bitter. Among his enemies was Thackeray, who was intensely jealous of other successful writers. He was a prince of snobs and Lytton's easy assumption of superiority irritated him beyond measure. Thackeray's relations with certain of his literary colleagues do not show him in a pleasant light.

I much prefer Lytton to Charles Kingsley, who was so popular in his day. Hatchards, the booksellers, tell me there is still a small demand for *Westward Ho!* for school prizes, but even as a boy I could never get through it. Kingsley also perpetrated that horrible book, *The Water Babies*, with which children were bored in the 'seventies. I once had a manservant who showed me a nicely bound copy of *Westward Ho!* which his last employer had given him for a Christmas present. He described it neatly as "one of them books you puts on the parlour table, what looks nice and what no one don't read!" Kingsley, who was a very evangelical parson, had the bad luck to enter into a theological controversy with Cardinal Newman, who, of course, made mincemeat of him. The quarrel, which caused a great stir, caused Newman to write that wonderful piece of purple prose, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*.

Kingsley writes to Goschen from Eversley Rectory.

You are most kind and hospitable, I regret immensely that I cannot, by any means, spend more than the two necessary nights in Bristol. I fear, therefore, that your kind project must fall to

the ground : I must confine myself to making a morning call on the Dean, whom I much wish to meet.

With many thanks,
Yours sincerely,
C. KINGSLEY.

Kingsley had a facile gift for pious sentimental verse. It was he who wrote the lines :

“Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.”

which have been such an inspiration to dull but earnest Sunday School teachers. I came across a life of Kingsley the other day ; one of those “full dress” biographies in two volumes to which Lytton Strachey dealt a death-blow. It was written in 1876 and the inscription ran :

Who loved God and Truth above all Things,
A Man of Untarnished Honour,
Loyal and Chivalrous—Gentle and Strong,
Modest and Humble—Tender and True,
Pitiful to the Weak—Yearning after the Erring—
Stern to all forms of Wrong and Oppression,
Yet more stern to himself
Who being Angry, Sinned not,
Whose Highest Virtues were known Only
To his Wife, his Children, his Servants and the Poor.
Who lived in the presence of God Here
And Passing Through the Great Gate of Death
Now Liveth with God for Evermore.

It is almost as good as the epitaph on that admirable eighteenth-century lady who was such a Faithful Wife, Good Mother, Kind Mistress, “Who painted in Watercolours and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

The biography also gives us a sermon that Kingsley wrote at the age of four ! Its theology is unexceptionable !

There are letters from two of the most delightful essayists and literary critics of the last fifty years : E. V. Lucas and Andrew Lang. Lucas, whose letter is addressed to the present Lord Goschen, had a most original way of spacing his lines.

36 ESSEX STREET,
STRAND.

DEAR GOSCHEN—thank

You for your letter

and its perfect

example of family

English. I shall

add it to the

article Since

I replied

my desk

is covered

with protests from

other readers who

say that the

onion men are

not Belges but

Bretons and

the onions

not Spanish

but French

Yours

Sincerely

E. V. LUCAS

Andrew Lang also wrote amusing letters.

1 MARLOES ROAD,
KENSINGTON, W.
May 24.

DEAR LORD GOSCHEN,

I am much pleased by your kindness in thinking of me, and only fear that it may react on your own character ! Some time ago somebody suggested me as Professor of Poetry, and was later told that I "was not a serious person". Nothing but my anxiety for the safety of your own repute for seriousness tempers the pleasure I take in the honour you do me, and I hope to appear at Oxford on June 22. Nobody but Mrs. Lang shall hear a word from me about this matter, and she is the grave of secrets.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

A. LANG.

NW 22

1932

36, Essex Street,
Strand.

Dear Göschén, thank

you for your letter

it is perfect

Example to family

Engl. I shall

add it to the

article then

I reprint.

my best

> (over)

will protest from
 other readers who
 say that the
 onion men are
 not Belgians but
 Bretons &
 the onions
 not Spanish
 but French

Yours
 sincerely
 E. V. Lucas

Lang's writing is very different from the amusing picturesque writing of E. V. Lucas, a man who went through life amusing and amused ; enjoying everything, making friends everywhere. It is rather like the man, spiky, angular.¹ Lang was a very good minor poet and when the literary wheat of the period is sifted from the chaff, one or two of his poems and several of his contributions to *belles lettres* should survive.

Robert Hichens writes to the present Lord Goschen from that incredibly lovely place, Taormina. "I hope they gave you my card and little note. Is there any chance of seeing you at 4 to-morrow if fine? I am only asking Mr. Hood." "If fine!" In retrospect it seems to me to have been always fine at Taormina. "Mr. Hood" was, of course, the Hon. Alec Nelson-Hood, Duke of Bronte, who had a charming property there. It was before the last war, and the "Terrace of the Timeo," where Hichens was staying, overlooked Etna. Hichens—happily still with us—is not a great novelist, but few writers maintain the same level of excellence. He never writes badly and never bores one.

Very few people, I imagine, have read *The Dolly Dialogues*. I can just remember the sensation they caused and their enormous success in the social world. They were amusingly indiscreet, but not really catty. Anthony Hope followed the *Dolly Dialogues* with *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Rupert of Hentzau*, which were dramatized and produced at the St. James's Theatre by Sir George Alexander. They made a fortune for author and producer.

Anthony Hope—whose full name was Anthony Hope Hawkins—writes to Lord Goschen in 1902 refusing a week-end at Seacox. "I have an engagement in Town on Sunday and also have to start for Scotland early Monday morning," he says.


The Goschens and Rudyard Kipling were neighbours and intimate friends but there is only one letter from Kipling. He writes in a clear, neat small hand :

DEAR LADY GOSCHEN,

I am very sorry that I can't do what I am wanted to : but I am just on a rather long piece of work which I have to get done and I don't see any chance of leisure for some time. I've been horribly busy for a long while past.

Very sincerely yours,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

¹ Bohemian.

‡ BURWASH
 ETCHINGHAM

BATEMAN'S
 BURWASH
 SUSSEX.

Tuesday

Dear Lady Goschen

I am very sorry
 that I can't do what I am
 wanted to. I am just
 on a rather long piece of
 work which I have to get
 done, and I don't see any
 chance of leisure for some
 time. I've been horribly busy
 for a long while past

Very sincerely Yours

Rudyard Kipling

Are there any novelists living who write such enchanting books for the young as Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Rider Haggard and Stevenson? I doubt it, and I think the reason is that, whereas before 1914 books were so much more exciting than real life, nowadays life—albeit extremely unpleasant—is infinitely more exciting than books. Romance has been killed by reality. What tales of adventure can vie with those with which the newspapers and magazines are filled? What spy stories, with the ghastly doings of the *Gestapo*? What are the creations of H. G. Wells's imagination compared with the scientific commonplaces of to-day? The young have "supp'd full with horrors" and a book must deal vividly with life as it is being lived now if it is to capture their imaginations. Another reason why Victorian thrillers no more thrill, is that so many of the hair-raising perils undergone by their heroes would have been impossible in these days of aeroplanes, motors, wireless and telephones.

Oh happy, happy boys, who were able in a peaceful world to live dangerously in fiction! To journey to *Treasure Island* with Stevenson, to share the captivity and escape of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and to experience delicious thrills over *She*. Here is a letter from Rider Haggard.¹ His writing is large and gaunt and the signature has the grim finality of that of a death warrant. And yet the letter is only an invitation to dinner! To the Windham Club, too, where dining was a gastronomic rite in the days ere civilization crashed.

"Dear Mr. Goschen," says the father of *She*, writing from Elm Court Temple, and in the 'eighties.

If you can spare the time and have no other engagement, will you do me the honour to dine with me at the Windham Club on Wednesday the 8th of June at 7.30 to meet Mr. Walter Besant?

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

I should like to have dined with Rider Haggard at the Windham to meet Goschen and Besant.

¹ See signature, p. 155.

CHAPTER VIII

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, CARDINAL MANNING,
CARDINAL NEWMAN, AND BISHOP WILBERFORCE

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was one of the most remarkable women of the nineteenth century. Even after the merciless examination to which Lytton Strachey subjects her, her fame and the value of the work she did remain little diminished. In point of fact Lytton Strachey's study of Florence Nightingale did much to increase our interest in this outstanding woman and to reveal her to us as a more vital person in every way than she had been represented to be by sentimental Victorians depicting her romantically as "The Lady with the Lamp."

Nursing always remained her passion and her determination to obtain what she wanted against all opposition or indifference has rarely been equalled by any other reformer. Here is an interesting letter from her to the Rt. Hon. Gathorne-Hardy, part of which is reproduced in order to reveal through her handwriting her clear and practical mind.

Private

July 25/66.
25, SOUTH STREET,
PARK LANE,
LONDON, W.

SIR,

I am afraid you will think my writing to you an impertinence in any case. I am not sure that I should diminish that impertinence by enclosing letters of introduction from "mutual" friends.

I prefer launching at once into my only real excuse for writing to you on the reform of Workhouse Infirmarys, which is that I have been in communication with the Poor Law Board for some time past on the subject, besides having had opportunities of discussing it with Mr. Villiers personally.

But my immediate reason for speaking to you at such short notice is the reading of Dr. Edward Smith's Report. And I need scarcely say that, if I agreed with its practical proposals I should probably be the only person who did. He appears to be unacquainted with the centuries of consecutive experience which have led to the adoption of a certain minimum of space for the sick and to rest his argument for returning to the hospital construction of the

Middle Ages, on certain experiments of Dr. Angus Smith as to the amount of carbonic acid in sick wards, which are not new, and which moreover, have little or nothing to do with the question at issue. The proposal made by the chief leading Medical Authorities in London to Mr. Villiers to give 1000 cubic feet per bed, remains in *no* sense invalidated by Dr. Edward Smith's Report.

Also: Dr. E. Smith appears not to have sufficiently considered the fact that, when extensive alterations and additions have to be made to defective buildings, it becomes more convenient to build anew, and then to introduce all the known established principles of healthy construction into the plans.

In as far as regards the nursing and management of sick in Workhouses, I speak from a life of experience and say that if any improvement in this direction is to be carried out, it must be done under a separate organization and management from that of the Workhouse. You may perhaps also be aware that, at the Liverpool Workhouse, by the munificence of Mr. William Rathbone, an experiment is being made of introducing Trained Nurses and training others in the Infirmary. We (i.e. the Nightingale Training School) supplied a Lady Superintendent and twelve Head Nurses for the purpose (this has been at work about a year). The Liverpool Workhouse Governor is an excellent officer—the Committee in charge are willing. But we have had practical experience already that altho' the nursing has been a success, the administration has been far from satisfactory. And all sides, I believe, consider that the best thing to do would be to separate the sick administration altogether from the Workhouse administration.

The main object we had in trying the experiment, was to introduce trained nursing into the London Workhouses. But unless the administration improvements required are carried out, it will be absolutely useless to make the attempt.

The antecedents of all the London Workhouse authorities appear to be opposed to improvement, and the difficulty can only be overcome by beginning from the foundation:

Classification of Workhouse inmates.

Separation of the sick.

Consolidation of sick wards into Hospitals with a separate administration—are absolutely necessary to success.

These opinions I have already expressed both to Mr. Villiers and Mr. Farnall. And if I could venture to hope that you might think me capable of tendering you even the slightest assistance in the great work on which you are about to enter, I need hardly say that

Private

July 25/66

35 South Street,
Park Lane,
London. W.

Lin

I am afraid you
will think my writing
to you an impertinence
in any case.

I am not sure that
I should much diminish
that impertinence by
enclosing letters of
introduction from
"mutual" friends.

I prefer launching
at once into my only
real excuse for writing

I should esteem it a privilege to be called upon by you to do so, as far as my feeble health (for I am entirely a prisoner in my room from illness) will enable me.

I beg you will believe me, Sir, with great truth,
Your very faithful servant,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

There is a letter from Archbishop Manning—in 1867 when it was written he had not yet been created Cardinal. Not even Florence Nightingale was more utterly ruthless in gaining her ends—but in her case, worthy ends—than was the clever, worldly, Machiavellian prelate. The letter is rather like the man—clear, cold and business-like. The spacing is wide and the loops very long,

8 YORK PLACE, W.
January 22, 1867.

Archbishop Manning presents his compliments to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy and requests the favour of a short interview at any time which may be convenient, in order to state the result of communication with five or six Boards of Guardians, having an important bearing on the Amendments to be asked in the Poor Law during the ensuing Session of Parliament.

Manning was a convert to the Faith. Shortly before he went over to Rome, Manning wrote: "Anglicism as a theology, still more as the Church, or the Faith has so faded out of my mind that I cannot say I reject it, but I know it no more. I simply do not believe it. I can form no basis, outline or defence for it." This was a strange statement and it has always puzzled many people, even some who admired Manning. But Gladstone apparently had his doubts, for in 1855 he said of Manning: "I won't say Manning is insincere. God forbid! But he is not simple and straightforward."

In his old age Manning took to politics and was prominent in fighting the war against poverty, vice and drink. He was a man with a vexed and disturbed mind, but there was no doubt that his great desire was for this country to go over to Rome. He lived long enough to realize the complete futility of his hope.

His treatment of Newman¹ was extraordinary and the story of their relations makes very sad reading. It is clear that Manning

¹ See signature, p. 155.

took every opportunity to belittle and thwart Newman. It is probably best to be charitable and say that there was not room in England at that time for two such strong individualists and bitter rivalry was inevitable. After Newman's death, Manning said of him, "Poor Newman, he was a great hater!" Maybe, but it was a healthy, open hatred and less dangerous than calculated and malicious plotting.

Another great friend of the Goschen family was the famous Bishop Wilberforce. At twenty-five Samuel Wilberforce was a rector, at thirty-four he was Archdeacon of Surrey, at thirty-nine Dean of Westminster and at forty Bishop of Oxford. Everybody liked him, probably because he liked everybody. So anxious was he to please people that he earned the nickname of "Soapy Sam." He did not mind this in the least, and when asked why, he replied, "Because I am always getting into hot water and always come out with my hands clean!" As Bishop of Oxford he was a great success. He was a born mixer and popular with all classes. He was, with the exception of Canon Liddon, the most popular preacher in the country. His wit and charm were irresistible.

Gladstone named him to the Queen as Bishop of Winchester, and there he was an unqualified success. The letter reproduced was written shortly before his death. On June 19, 1873, he was riding with Lord Granville to lunch at the house of Mr.—afterwards Lord—Farrar, when his horse stumbled over a hole in the turf, throwing him so violently that he died almost instantaneously.

Samuel had an ever-ready wit. One day he was driving to attend the funeral of a rich "beer" lord, and his carriage companion was pouring out pious platitudes about the virtues of the late lamented, and saying how terribly he would be missed. Their way took them past the deceased's brewery and Samuel, looking out of the carriage window, said: "Yes; even the barrels are in tiers!"

He officiated at the marriage of Mr. Gathorne-Hardy. At that time he was Bishop of Oxford.

MY DEAR HARDY [he wrote with regard to it].

I am not sure of the day you named in June for your wedding. The only day I should find difficult is June 15, when I am engaged to preach at Battle Church and Wednesday the 9th, when I am to preach at a Choral Festival at Sonning. This last is, I fear, unalterable but if I knew *at once*, I might get the Battle engagement altered.

I am most truly, yours affectionately,
S. OXON.

To have journeyed through life winning people instead of antagonizing them ; saying kind words, doing kind actions, making life a little brighter to the human shadows that cross our own before our "brief candle" is snuffed out by the great Extinguisher is, perhaps, not to have lived unworthily. After all, the sterner virtues are not the only ones that may be accounted unto a man for righteousness.

CHAPTER IX

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND OTHERS

PAINS HILL COTTAGE,
GODHAM, SURREY.
November 8th.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I find our visitor will have left us on the 25th so we will come to you with great pleasure. I wrote to the House of Commons because I heard you say you were at a hotel (I forget which) and not living in your own house.

Ever truly yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.¹

Among the famous literary men who visited Seacox—and Goschen was always at his happiest and best among them—there was no more attractive personality than Matthew Arnold. Poet, philosopher, critic, scholar, man of the world, he possessed all the literary and social graces—but one questions if he ever achieved happiness. He was saturated with the slightly pagan melancholy which charms us in Greek elegiac poetry ; indeed, he made a cult of Grecian art and life. This intellectual discipline caused him to be out of sympathy with the flowery romanticism of his day. And yet the melancholy which is the keynote of his poems is, in itself, romantic. Quite early in life he lost his faith in the robust evangelical Christianity, with its positive beliefs ; the athletic piety, which characterized the rather appalling atmosphere of Rugby under his formidable father. It was utterly alien to his cultured, subtle intellect. How the dogmatic and unsubtle Dr. Arnold produced such a son is

¹ See signature, p. 155.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

a mystery. Still, the influence of his (Matthew's) early environment remained with him throughout his life, as it does with most of us, and he was never happy in the vague ethical Christianity, the "moral pantheism," as it has been called, which was all that was left to him. He hovered uneasily between a world that had passed away for him and a new world in which he was never quite at home.

It is, I think, as a critic that Matthew Arnold will be best remembered—he was never more than a first-rate *minor* poet. In some of his *Essays in Criticism* he raises criticism to a fine art, and, even though one may frequently disagree with his views, he is always interesting. His prose writings are free from the—sometimes—rather dry intellectualism which often characterizes his philosophical poetry. But, as is the case with so much English poetry, the elegiac note, the sound of the passing-bell, is never far away. Arnold, for all his individual style, was not a self-conscious stylist. "People think that I can teach them style," he said. "What stuff it all is! Have something to say and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."

Here is a letter from James Anthony Froude, another of the Goschen circle

5 ONSLOW GARDENS.

May 24.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I had not intended to return till Saturday the first, but the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation will bring me back the day before. I shall hope to be with you at 8 o'clock on Friday the 31st.

Faithfully yours,

J. A. FROUDE.

Matthew Arnold did not like Froude: he accused him of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, in his life of Carlyle. The dislike was mutual and very natural, for Froude had all the vitality and romance which Arnold lacked. He, too, broke away from traditional Christianity, after having sat at the feet of Carlyle and afterwards of Newman. He has been accused of inaccuracy, of relying on his intuition, of letting his own opinions and prejudices colour everything he wrote. This is to a great extent true, but is it not true of every historian whose personality is strong? Precision is not everything. Froude, like Lytton Strachey, makes the past alive and vivid and his beautiful English and polished style delight the reader. His *Short Studies in Great Subjects* will, I think, be still read when most of Matthew Arnold's prose works are forgotten.

Froude's criticisms of his contemporaries were devastatingly frank. He thought that George Eliot was "very much over-rated" and some of his *Life of Carlyle* makes painful reading. His greatest mistake in life was his acceptance of a mission to reform the Cape, a disastrous failure that helped to bring about the Kaffir war.

William Lecky, the historian, was also a rationalist, but of a different type from Arnold and Froude. His rationalism was rather that of Gibbon and Herbert Spencer. He had all the nineteenth-century belief in the potential perfectibility of Man, a belief that the twentieth century has rudely shattered. He was, perhaps, not a great historian, but his *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe* is still read. Lecky was an Irishman, and passionately interested in the politics of his turbulent country. He writes to Goschen :

I see the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has at last recognised the existence of Irish History and has an article in the current number on the Irish Parliament !

W. E. H. LECKY.

An historian whose work has a far more permanent value than that of Lecky, is J. R. Green. Louis Cazamian writes of him : "The permanent success of Green's *History of the English People* is due to the radiating power of an impassioned feeling, which associates the humblest actors in the drama with the destiny of the country. In fact, the sentiment of the universal solidarity on which a nation is built, and what might be called the social type of imagination, are in the present instance new sources of truth ; they add original resources to the traditional method of history." Green writes to Goschen :

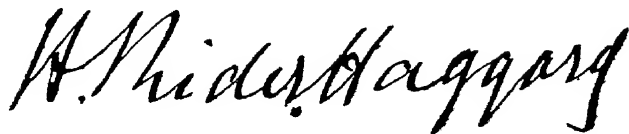
50 WELBECK STREET.
November 21, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I am most unhappy at being robbed of the pleasure of a visit to you on Saturday, but a cold is my master and is flowing so fast that I see no hope of quitting home, for now that I am unlucky enough to be forced to listen to colds and their warnings, I must trust that at some more fortunate moment we may be able to see your new nest in the Weald.

I wonder whether the story is true that the first copy of Rawlinson's book (*England and Russia*) which reached India passed through it on its way to Lahore and that the Ameer had then an easy oppor-

FACSIMILES OF SOME FAMOUS SIGNATURES

A large, stylized cursive signature of 'H. Rider Haggard' in black ink.

H. RIDER HAGGARD

A cursive signature of 'John H. Newman' in black ink.

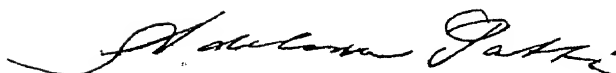
CARDINAL NEWMAN

A cursive signature of 'Matthew Arnold' in black ink, ending with a horizontal line.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

A cursive signature of 'B. Jowett' in black ink.

DR. JOWETT

A cursive signature of 'Madame Patti' in black ink.

MADAME PATTI

tunity of studying the official "memorandum" in which (1) The occupation of Quetta and (2) the establishments of Residents at Cabul and Herat are laid down as our future policy. If so it might throw much light on his "change of mood" at the Cabinet's rejection of the "Guarantee Treaty" proposal. Believe me, with much respect,

Yours ever,
J. R. GREEN.

When Goschen's son, George, left Rugby, he did not send him to his own old college, Oriel, but entered him for Balliol, lured probably by the fame of its Master, Dr. Jowett.¹ Regarding his admission Jowett wrote :

OXFORD.
Oct. 16.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I shall have much pleasure in admitting a son of yours to Ball. Coll. and as I remember your speaking to me about the matter long ago, there need be no difficulty in taking his name for residence whenever you wish him to come. I have entered his name for residence in College, October 1885, when he will be 19 years of age. Enclosed is a memorandum regarding admission.

Yours most truly,
B. JOWETT.

There are certain men whose names become legendary during their own lifetimes ; such was the case with Jowett. It is difficult to understand how he managed to *impose* himself on other people to such a degree. He was a little man with a high, squeaky little voice and his handwriting was small and niggling. And yet strong men quailed before him. His reputation for wit, says G. W. Russell—who did not admire him—was based on his "snappish impertinences." But Russell does him less than justice. Even though he was not witty in the sense of a Sydney Smith or a Wilde, he had a decided gift for the quick retort. On one occasion at a dinner party at the Master's Lodge, he rebuked a social indiscretion very neatly. One of his guests, to his great annoyance, began telling a very improper story. Bending towards him, Jowett squeaked in his shrillest voice, "Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-

¹ See signature, p. 155.

room?" and rose from his seat. He was the terror of undergraduates. George Goschen told me that *le plus mauvais quart d'heure* he ever went through, was soon after he went up to Oxford and was invited to breakfast with Jowett. There he sat, nervous and tongue-tied as only a boy of his age can be, while every minute or so Jowett squeaked, "Talk more, Mr. Goschen—talk more." It was Jowett who when an earnest undergraduate came to him and confessed that he could no longer believe in the Trinity, told him that he must recover his faith in twenty-four hours, or he would be sent down. Fortunately renewed conviction came within the time limit.

Jowett was a good, though not always highly accurate, Greek scholar. But like Gilbert Murray, he had a more valuable gift than that of complete accuracy: he made Socrates, and the rest of the characters in the immortal Dialogues, living human beings. When he was translating Plato, he asked Swinburne—who although he had left Oxford without taking a degree, was a fine classical scholar—to help him with the proofs. One morning while he was correcting some essays in the presence of their undergraduate authors, making the nervous youths writhe with his criticisms, the sound of joyous laughter was heard from an adjoining room and Swinburne's voice exclaimed, "Another howler, Master!" "Thank you, Algernon," said Jowett meekly, closing the door gently.

Few people nowadays, I expect, remember W. H. Mallock's brilliant satire, *The New Republic*. When—in 1878—it came out, it created a sensation in the literary world. Full of epigrammatic wit, paradox and food for thought, it remains almost as fresh to-day as it was then. Under thin disguises several of the most famous men of the day are caricatured, among them Huxley, Ruskin, Walter Pater, Matthew Arnold and—under the name of Dr. Jenkinson—Jowett himself, voice, manner, personality, theology, indeed, it was Jowett himself. It infuriated him, but, of course, he could do nothing about it. The gathering of celebrities is supposed to take place at a week-end party at a country house; and on the Sunday Dr. Jenkinson preached to the guests in the private theatre. The sermon is very interesting, entirely in style and fully in accordance with the ideas of many thinkers of to-day. It was Jowett, by the way, who, when he was appointed Regius Professor of Greek to Oxford University and was asked by the powers that be—or were—if he would sign the Thirty-Nine Articles, answered meekly, "I will sign forty if you like!"

A very different type of clerical dignitary from Dr. Jowett was Dean Stanley. With Jowett, Holy Orders seemed—at least, so it was said—to be merely an incident in his career of Greek scholar

and Master of Balliol : Stanley, however, was highly conscious of his clerical standing. Though not such a wit as Samuel Wilberforce, he was quite as assiduous a diner-out and his high social position, amiability and intelligence combined to give him a unique position both in the Church and in Society. He may be said to have represented the Church at the Court of St. James's. He was short and thin, but very dignified and his mind was a storehouse of information on every subject under the sun. He talked incessantly, but as he had very little sense of humour he was apt to bore the frivolous, in spite of his exquisite manners and elegant erudition. For many years he was high in favour with Queen Victoria. He chaperoned the Prince of Wales on his tour through Egypt and Palestine and, more tolerant than Edward's august parent, allowed him to read *East Lynne*, which Victoria considered to be not fit reading for the young. So *persona grata* was he that Her Majesty signed herself, "Ever Yours Affectionately," when writing to him. How he signed his letters to *her*, I do not know. Neither, I imagine, did his Royal Mistress, for he was the very worst writer who ever tried the patience of his correspondents. But alas ! the popular Dean of Westminster was to discover—as did Wilberforce—that the saying, "Put not your trust in princes," was founded on a profound knowledge of their self-importance and fickle affections. One fatal morning when preaching at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, he ventured to use the Continental manner of speaking to Royalty and addressed the Queen of England as *Madame*. She never forgave him and would not hear of his being offered any further preferment. In a letter to Goschen which looks rather like the scrawl of an infant, he writes :

DEANERY,
WESTMINSTER.
July 24, '78.

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

I should have been very glad to come and dine with you—but am already engaged to Sir Alexander Tennyson. I do not feel that your kind invitation is under the circumstances sufficiently of the nature of "a command" as to justify in breaking the engagement.

Yours sincerely,

A. P. STANLEY.

One of the most popular preachers in London in the 'eighties was Canon Liddon of St. Paul's Cathedral. He was not at all the ascetic type of parson, though he looked the part. When he dined

out, he enjoyed both food and wine and he was an excellent *raconteur* of anecdotes the reverse of "churchy." But he had a sarcastic tongue. When Archbishop Benson died, his sketch of the courtly Archbishop was, says Russell, "a masterpiece of sarcastic character-drawing." His hit at Canon Westcott, of Westminster Abbey, was both true and amusing. Westcott's intellectual verbiage was hard to be understood by the people and Liddon, in writing to a friend one dark winter day, said, "London is just now buried under a dense fog. This is commonly attributed to Dr. Westcott having opened his study-window at Westminster."

Liddon's writing is very difficult to understand, though not so difficult as Dean Stanley's. Why do so many clergymen write badly? A great friend of mine—a Bishop too!—writes so illegibly that it generally takes me at least a day to decipher his letters. Perhaps it is because the incomprehensibility of many of the doctrines they try to explain tends to make obscurity natural to them!

Liddon writes to Goschen's secretary:

AMEN COURT.

Oct. 24.

DEAR MR. BULLEN,

I greatly regret to be engaged both now and from eleven to one o'clock to-morrow—I do not know whether one o'clock to-morrow would be too late for Mr. Goschen, but I should be very glad if this is not the case, or *nine* o'clock this evening. But I have pupils with essays all to-morrow morning till one.

Yours very truly,

M. LIDDON.

Archbishop Tait writes from Lambeth Palace:

June 11, 1868.

SIR,

I have had the honour of receiving your letter of this day's date requesting me to propose a form of thanksgiving for the consideration of the Queen in Council embracing the two subjects mentioned by you: viz. the preservation of the Duke of Edinburgh and the success and safety of our forces in Abyssinia. I will take care to comply with this request and forward the form as early as possible to his Grace, the Lord President.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your faithful and obedient,

C. F. CANTUAR.

Dr. Tait, as we have seen, was Headmaster of Rugby when Goschen was there. He remained a masterful man with strong likes and stronger dislikes. He detested Cardinal Manning—Archbishop, as he then was. When a friend one day said to him that Manning had a fine head, he answered, “Yes, but no face !”

Ecclesiastical dignitaries of the less saintly type must look back to the last century with nostalgic longing. In those comfortable days a Bishop *was* a Bishop and ruffed it with the best. He had not to be constantly telling the public how he spends his income and how impossible it is to keep up that White Elephant, his palace. The clergy dined out constantly and themselves entertained handsomely. The prestige of the Church was still great ; nowadays, except in Cathedral cities, one very seldom meets the clergy in general society. Perhaps in the long run they will make up in spiritual prestige what they have lost in social popularity.

There is a letter from Samuel Wilberforce to Gathorne-Hardy—written when he was Bishop of Oxford—which shows him at his best. He writes :

MY DEAR MR. HARDY,

I am told that you are now at Blackdown and I am sure you will not misunderstand my expressing a hope that we may see something more of each other during your stay in the country than is implied in exchanging morning calls. Our fathers’ sons may inherit a transmitted intimacy, and who both of them, I trust, desire to carry on their father’s service to God and their country ought, I think, to get beyond these outworks of civility. Will you then tell me some time when it will suit you to come and bring some of your family over for a whole day if you can and if not, at the very least to dine and sleep.

I have at home boys of 18, 16, 15—who will welcome any of yours, either now or when shooting begins. Any time will suit me except before next Friday the 14th and from Tuesday the 23rd to Thursday the 5th of September. Instead of naming a day which may be inconvenient I will venture to ask you to name *your* day : not before Tuesday the 19th.

S. OXON.

CHAPTER X

SOME ACTORS AND MUSICIANS

IN Goschen's days the theatrical profession was not so socially popular as it has since become in England ; though not in France. Actors and musicians were then pleased and flattered by social recognition ; nowadays the position is quite the reverse. But at all times certain of them have been *personæ gratae* in the fashionable world, and among these in the last quarter of the nineteenth century were Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Cyril Maude and Charles Hawtrey, all members of very good old families—Hawtrey was the son of an Eton master. Of course, everyone was only too delighted to meet Sir Henry Irving—the first actor to be knighted—Bancroft was the second—but Irving, the most reserved, aloof of men, went very rarely into society and for most people, however distinguished, the only chance of meeting him was to be invited to one of his famous “first night” suppers on the stage of the Lyceum, which were extremely pleasant and important social functions.

Mrs. Goschen—most gracious and least exclusive of women—loved the theatre. She knew all the actors and actresses whom it was proper to know and would have been only too delighted to know some of those who did not come under that category ! The elusive Irving liked her immensely ; she was one of the few people with whom he corresponded personally—he hated writing letters—and they understood and sympathized with one another.

Irving, however, lived for only one thing—the theatre ; it was his profession, his family, his mistress, and for him nothing counted in comparison with it. Even Mrs. Goschen could not lure him to forget its claims for a day, as we see by this letter.

15a GRAFTON STREET,
BOND STREET, W.

MY DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

It is most kind of you and Mr. Goschen to think of me for the Naval Review and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to avail myself of your kindness. Unhappily, however, my work compels me to forego such pleasures.

We close for the day of the Jubilee, but for the rest of the week

15^A, CRAFTON STREET,
BOND STREET. W.

Dear Mr. Goschen
 It is most kind
 of you to Mr. Forster
 to think of me for
 the Naval Review &
 I am sure you that
 nothing would give
 me greater pleasure
 than to be able to
 assist myself I feel
 kindreg.
 In kindest regards
 Henry Irving

FACSIMILE OF PAGE ONE OF LETTER FROM
HENRY IRVING

I am "tied to the stake"—and unable to go so far from London necessitating a return so nearly before my work.

I wonder if you have been able to come to *Madame Sans Gêne* yet. It would be a delight to welcome you.

Believe me to be, dear Mrs. Goschen,

Sincerely yours,

19 May, 1897.

HENRY IRVING.

Irving was kind, hospitable and generous to a fault, but a man with whom it was dangerous to take liberties; his repartee was devastating. One day one of those religious cranks who in those days infested London asked him suddenly, "Have you found the Lord?" "No," he answered, "but if you have lost him I shall be delighted to join in the search." He made a great deal of money, but died poor, as his generosity was boundless. He had innumerable pensioners: old actors, the families of those who had died in his service, friends who had fallen on evil days, and he never refused a subscription. Artists and musicians who helped in his productions liked him to fix the rate of payment; it was generally double what they themselves would have asked. Then, too, he ran the Lyceum on the most lavish scale. He had known great poverty—indeed, in his early days he was sometimes reduced to borrowing a shilling to get his hair cut, and he often said that his early poverty had given him invaluable experience on which to draw in the days of his success. Despite his mannerisms, his ruthlessness in altering great plays—even Shakespeare—to suit himself, he has taken his place with Garrick, Macready and Kemble as one of the supreme English actors of all time.

Another of Mr. Goschen's actor friends was the popular comedian, J. L. Toole. Few people nowadays will remember Toole's Theatre. It occupied part of the site on which Charing Cross Hospital now stands.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MANCHESTER.

Nov. 16th, 1887.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

I am playing a short engagement at the Theatre Royal here this week and if you have an evening to spare shall be only too delighted to place a Private Box at your disposal should you care to see "The Butler". If you will favour me with a line—otherwise do not trouble to answer this as I know how very much your time is occupied.

Yours faithfully,

J. L. TOOLE.

Toole made a comfortable fortune and kept it : fortunately, for in his latter years he became paralysed and went to live at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton. Toole and Irving were life-friends and only with him was Irving completely unreserved.

Those popular comedy actors, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, also did well and were able to retire early and live in Berkeley Square, then the pleasantest square in London. They both became very social.

18 BERKELEY SQUARE.

May 18.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

Thanks again and again for asking Mr. Palgrave to enter my boy's name on the lists. I have received the most kind letter from him and although he fears that the boy's chance is very small, I do not quite despair. There is no harm in trying.

Sincerely yours,

M. E. BANCROFT.

When Lady Bancroft—with whom he had spent an extremely happy life—died, Sir Squire took rooms in Albany. For some years his tall, distinguished figure could be seen on fine days, taking a morning stroll in Piccadilly, immaculately dressed in frock coat, tall hat, light check trousers, patent leather boots and wearing a monocle on a broad black ribbon—the complete *grand Seigneur à l'ancien régime*. By the way, you *could* stroll in Piccadilly in those days.

Quite at the head of “the profession” were Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham. They, too, were friends of the Goschens. Sir Charles writes :

CRITERION THEATRE,

PICCADILLY. W.

Tuesday.

DEAR MR. GOSCHEN,

Although I do not expect any speeches at this informal “At Home”, I cannot forego the honour of my health being proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Thanks very much for your kind offer.

Yours ever,

CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Few actors have been so fortunate as Sir Charles and his wife, who was known to fame as Mary Moore. In those happy days he

had a lease of the Criterion at fifty pounds a week! In the boom after the last war, Lady Wyndham was able to let it at four hundred a week. Out of his profits at the Criterion, he had built Wyndham's Theatre and later on the New Theatre. He left a fortune of a hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds which, under the careful management of Lady Wyndham, increased considerably. When very old he became a little feeble-minded, but to the last he loved going out in the evening and liked to have a good fire in his bedroom when he returned. His son Howard told me that if he came back very tired, he would sometimes, in a fit of irritation, take out his false teeth and throw them in the fire, to the great annoyance of her ladyship. On one occasion she took him to a children's party. He looked anxiously at the small people and turning to her said, half-crying, "Are *all* these ours, my dear?"

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were a little before my time, so I never saw them on the stage. Mrs. Kendal, however, still recited occasionally at big charity matinées. She was an admirable actress and woman, and spelt propriety with the largest of P's. She was to be seen sometimes, taking a drive in her carriage and pair and wearing a black bonnet à la Queen Victoria. She looked for all the world like the wife of a respectable bishop and he resembled a Cabinet Minister. So no wonder he cultivated the Goschens.

145 HARLEY STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

We saw your son last evening and explained to him why we didn't make our curtsy and bow last Saturday. I have written to see if we can leave *next* Sunday in evening and if we can we shall certainly avail ourselves of your kind invitation, but our work is so heavy and so late that I do try to get into the country during this intense heat.

With kind remembrances,
Yours faithfully,
MADGE KENDAL.

There is a letter from Cyril Maude, Haymarket—then the smartest theatre in London—thanking Goschen for a letter. "I am so glad you enjoyed the play and my wife," he writes. There is also one from Henry Arthur Jones telling Mrs. Goschen that he has asked Lady Dorothy Nevill and Mrs. Nevill to join the party in his box for the first night of his new play.

Music is almost unrepresented among the letters. Throughout Victoria's reign it was the most unfashionable of the arts, musicians being lumped together under the generic description of opera singers and organists; it remained for Edward the Seventh and his friend, Lady de Grey, to make social celebrities of certain musicians, but only foreigners, *bien entendu*! There is, however, a letter from George Henschel, who was both a man of culture, a good conductor and a delightful *lieder* singer. He writes from abroad, answering an invitation to stay at Seacox.

Alas! [he says.] Even if I started immediately, I could not reach your place in time for the 26th.

Accept my best thanks and let me hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you at Seacox Heath next season.

GEORGE HENSCHEL.

Among the letters there is one from Madame Patti¹ in her most characteristic vein—that of disappointing the public. It is addressed to Mr. Gye, the impresario, and probably got into the letter book through Madame Albani, whose husband he was. Madame Albani and Mrs. Goschen knew one another. Albani, by the way, was—with the exception of Mendelssohn—the only musician whom Queen Victoria honoured with her friendship. The letter, which is endorsed by Gye with Received at 2.50, is dated July 14, 1868. Madame Patti writes:

MY DEAR MR. GYE,

I have just tried my voice and find that I am so hoarse that to my regret it is impossible to sing to-night.

In great haste.

Yours truly,

ADELINA PATTI.

Madame Patti was the last of the old style *prima-donnas*. She had, so we are told by those who heard her in her prime, one of the loveliest and most flexible voices of any of the *coloratura* sopranos who have made operatic history. Like so many of them, she was not at all musical. She sang only the Italian operas written to display the voice, and that opera could have any dramatic significance, never entered her head. As was the case with all such

¹ See signature, p. 155.

singers in those days, she never attended rehearsals, just coming on to the stage to sing the florid arias which stood for music with the patrons of opera, and the concerted numbers in which she was obliged to take part.

Patti had all the cold greed and vanity of the class from which she sprang. Opera in her day was—as it still is—a risky business. Sometimes an impresario would engage her in the hope that her name would fill the house, and woe betide him if her exorbitant fee was not waiting for her when she arrived in her dressing-room. It was no use offering her something on account. She would “make-up” and put on part of the costume she was to wear, sending the unlucky man to try and borrow the balance of the sum due. If he returned with part of it, she would put on another garment and so on, until he had raised the full amount. In the meanwhile, of course, the opera was held up.

She made a large fortune and late in life married a Swede, a Baron Cederström. She then bought a semi-feudal castle in Wales called *Craig y Nos*, and there she settled down to play the *grande dame* (*genre* Marie Corelli), entertaining any members of the great world she could induce to visit her. But her favourite guests were very rich men, the kind who would be flattered by being invited to stay with the famous singer. Dinner on such occasions was an elaborate affair, rather like the supper scene in *Rigoletto*, and while the guest was dressing, Madame Patti’s maid would enter his room with a tray of costly jewellery.

“Madame would like to know what jewellery you would wish her to wear this evening, and she will wear it in your honour.”

Highly delighted, he would choose and at dinner his hostess, all smiles and *très décolleté* would compliment him on his good taste. A few days after his return home, he would receive a souvenir of his visit in the shape of a bill from Cartier or Garrards, as the case might be, for the jewellery chosen.

Patti still gave concerts when there was hardly a vestige left of her once lovely voice. It was a painful experience to hear her.

There is a short note from that exquisite singer *and* musician, Madame Christin Nilsson, dated *Paris ce 18 Mars, 1869*: in her day she was immensely popular in England. Wishing to please her public, she decided to include one or two English ballads in her programmes, and chose Arthur Sullivan’s “Let Me Dream Again.” The refrain runs:

“Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain.
Oh! do not wake me, let me dream again.”

Unfortunately Madame Nilsson's English was not of the best ; she pronounced *wake* with the short *a* and the result was :

"Is this a dream ? Then *whacking* would be pain.
Oh ! do not *whack* me, let me dream again !"

There is a short note from Madame Norman Neruda, who married Sir Charles Hallé ; the well-known pianist and founder of the Hallé Orchestra at Manchester, which is still flourishing. Madame Norman Neruda was the first woman violinist to become famous. Their name is not legion and the standard of technique has risen so greatly during the last thirty or forty years, that many of them are far more brilliant soloists than was Madame Neruda. But I question if there are many who can play chamber music with her complete mastery and understanding. She and Joachim were the stars of the famous Saturday and Monday "Popular Concerts" at the old St. James's Hall in Piccadilly—probably the most acoustically perfect concert hall in Europe. No one knows why these concerts were called "Popular," unless it were because—like public schools—they catered for the few. Madame Neruda writes in an extremely small, but very exquisite handwriting. She begs Goschen to explain to his wife that she cannot *faire l'impossible*.

There are the signatures, but alas, only the signatures of two of the supreme aristocrats of the opera-house—Jenny Lind and the famous tenor, Mario. A letter from the "Swedish Nightingale" giving her views on music would have been interesting.

CHAPTER XI

A MIXED MAIL

I WONDER what Michael Faraday would think could he revisit these glimpses of the moon and witness the extraordinary developments that have taken place in the science of electricity. He was born in 1791 and lived until 1867. He was the greatest of all our pioneers in electrical forces, currents and magnetic currents, and the first to grasp their potential powers. More lucky than Newton, whose gravitation laws are being unkindly treated by some modern scientists, no theory of Faraday's has been discredited. The letter reproduced is another example of the small, neat and clear handwriting

so characteristic of scientists ; I expect his letter came into Goschen's hands through Madame Albani-Gye.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

1 April, 1865.

MY DEAR GYE,

I have so often been tantalized by the sight of your gifts when unable to use them that I have resolved to keep those you sent to me yesterday and hope to convert them into pleasure on Monday, which indeed I am doing even in prospect. Many thanks to you for your kind remembrance.

Ever truly yours,

M. FARADAY.

The "gifts" were, of course, tickets for the opera ; Gye was a very well-known impresario. *A propos* of the Opera, there is a note from George Peabody to Mitchell's Theatre Ticket office, dated May, 1849.

Mr. Mitchell, 33 Old Bond Street, will please allow Mrs. Motley to occupy Box 43 Grand Tier, at Royal Italian Opera for one night on her giving him two days' notice and receiving five tickets of admission.

GEORGE PEABODY.

Peabody was an American by birth, though of English descent. On starting his career in London as a philanthropist, he assumed British nationality. He, too, was a pioneer—in erecting dwellings for the working-classes. There is a statue of him—of appalling hideousness—on the Embankment. He is wearing a frock coat and high hat—garments fortunately unknown to Phidias.

There are a few lines from a famous contemporary of Faraday and Peabody—James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer. He was a born inventor ; his father was an artist and when a mere child he invented a machine to grind colours. Later on he designed a steam carriage, but all his life he had dreamed of hammers—perhaps because the family shield had for centuries borne the device of two hammer-shafts, rampant ! In 1829 he perfected his famous steam-hammer. He showed the design to a Frenchman named Schneider, who promptly copied it and had it patented in France in his own name. Nasmyth's second love was the moon ; with James Carpenter he published an elaborate book—*The Moon*

Royal Institution

1 April 1865.

My dear G. & J.

I have so often been tantalized
by the sight of your gifts when unable
to use them that I have resolved to
keep those you sent to me yesterday
and hope to convert them into pleasure
on Monday which indeed I am doing
even in prospect. Many thanks to you
for your kind remembrances.

Ever Truly Yours

T. G. & J.
d d d

(M. Faraday)

considered as a Planet, a World and a Satellite. When he married, he settled in Penshurst, Kent, in a house he called Hammerfield!

Here is a letter from the ill-fated Robert Scott, whose strange passion was the South Pole.

174 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,
S.W.
12. 10. '09.

DEAR LORD GOSCHEN,

Pray excuse a letter which does not need an answer, but I cannot go happily to bed without thanking you again for your speech to-day. It was so extraordinarily kind of you to allow yourself to be called on at such impossibly short notice.

I have no fear of eventually raising the money, there are such a number of expedients that suggest themselves and such a number of opportune moments for appeal, such as the arrival of the ship in London, the reception of her stores and her departure. The Press are wholly sympathetic and have been from the beginning. The only drawback I see at present is that the City Companies do not meet till November to consider grants and so there will be delay in getting enough money in London to quote as an example to the provincial towns. On the other hand, I shall be free to give my whole attention to expeditionary affairs until November, so possibly the delay is not so trying as it otherwise would be.

Yours sincerely,
R. SCOTT.

It is interesting, as it was written when he was collecting funds to sail in the *Terra Nova* for the South Pole, from which expedition few returned to tell the tale. Scott was born in Devon, the land of Raleigh, of Drake, of Hawkins. As a boy he was dreamy and untidy, but when he became a cadet in the *Britannia*, he speedily learnt to be tidy and to dream only in secret; his almost feminine sensibility he never overcame. He was easily moved to tears, and was quite likely to faint at the sight of blood—if, for instance, he saw a dog run over in the street he was upset for days. And yet he had both physical and moral courage. When he was quite young his father died, leaving the family in dire straits: Robert kept them all going out of his small salary and would not marry until he had seen his brothers and sisters settled in life.

From early boyhood he had longed to be an explorer, he was full of that—to me—strange *wanderlust* that induces men to risk their lives and endure terrible hardships in lonely, hostile lands.

To such as he, Poe's Land of Eldorado is always beckoning ; too often with skeleton fingers. His first chance came when in June, 1899, Sir Clements Markham was looking for a leader for an expedition to the Antarctic ; he offered his services and to his great surprise obtained the post. Later on he met and became very friendly with Nansen, who helped him greatly. His first South Pole expedition set forth in the *Discovery* in 1901. The results of this voyage were so promising that in 1909, with the financial aid of the Government, Scott—now a captain—organized another expedition to the South Pole. From this expedition he never returned and not until 1913 did news reach Europe of the terrible disaster which had befallen him and his companions. It was during their slow death from exposure and starvation that the heroic Captain Oates left the camp quietly to die, in order that there should be one less to feed. Scott's diary, which was found, gives the tragic details of their fate.

Quite another type of explorer was H. M. Stanley, whose name crops up several times in the letters ; he writes in Lady Cranbrook's autograph and accepts invitations to dinner at Seacox. Stanley was the son of a butcher and he had a hard, loveless childhood. He was always adventurous ; he ran away from school, became a cabin-boy and landing at New Orleans from one of his voyages, had the good luck to attract a certain Henry Stanley, who adopted him and whose name he took. He then fought in the American Civil War on the side of the Confederates, and when taken prisoner, prudently joined the other side. After the war, shattered in health and pocket, he found his way to Scotland and joined the Navy. After many other vicissitudes he was asked by that queer mixture of buccaneer and philanthropist, the late Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, to go to Egypt and describe the opening of the Suez Canal and then to search for the missing missionary, Dr. Livingstone, who had lost his way in Africa. He unearthed him, safe and sound, and it was on this occasion that he uttered the words inscribed for ever in the book of fame, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?"!

Stanley returned to find himself a social lion of the first importance. He wrote a book, *How I Found Livingstone*, which was a best seller but which was rudely attacked by geographical experts. Nothing daunted, he returned to Africa, traversing the whole continent and on his return to England wrote another book, *In Darkest Africa*.

Stanley loved the social life of London, being fêted and interviewed, as much as Scott disliked it, but there were not wanting those who thought him a bit of a charlatan, among them being Lord Granville, who was furious at being "trapped by the Duke of

Sutherland" into recognizing him and conferring an honour on him. Certainly he never lost an opportunity of advertising himself. He married the popular Miss Dorothy Tennant, a member of the family which produced the equally well advertised Margot, who achieved fame by marrying Mr. Asquith, afterwards Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

Here is a letter from another explorer, that delightful writer and authority on the Middle East, Miss Freya Stark.

ADEN.

23. Dec., '34.

DEAR LADY GOSCHEN,

This will be very late to bring you Xmas wishes, but I waited till I reached Aden and until I could tell you that—thanks to Lord Goschen's kind offices—my food and medicines were all safely waiting for me here—so that I send you thoughts of gratitude. I am here for a few weeks. I have just moved from the hotel (which I disliked) into a little flat where I can sit quietly and learn Arabic before I leave. Everyone is being most kind and encouraging: the Hadramaut seems to be in fashion and all the political people have been travelling either on or over it—Shabwa however, the city of my dreams, is so far unvisited (any way by British.) A Colonel Boscawen went up to the gates, but a bullet in his servant's shoulder blade put a stop to his journey there, very luckily—as his tribal escort wished to raze the place to the ground and it would have been too bad to have the last of the 60 temples wiped out just before my arrival and by a British visitor!

I have been reading a fascinating book written by an anonymous trader of about 50. A.D. and describing all the ports and products of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. It is called *The Peryphis of the Erythranean Sea* (translated by Schoff) and speaks among other things of a bark used and sold to cure dysentery at that time. I will enclose the name in case Lord Goschen's Research Board are interested in it.

With all good wishes and many thanks again

Yrs. Affly.

FREYA STARK.

Buckland, the famous naturalist, writes in 1870 from the Salmon Fisheries office, of which he was Inspector :

I am much obliged to you for your very kind invitation. I regret much that I shall be unable to accept it as my time is fully occupied

just now. Write to Jonathan King, Esq., Watford, and ask him for young Jack, he will give you some. When you are coming to town I shall be delighted to see you.

Yours oblig^d.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

Buckland was an old Wykehamist, and writes like a child of twelve: "I shall be unable to accept." Shades of Winchester and Christchurch! As a child he was grubby and unemotional and his home always swarming with animals. Everyone liked him, he was friendly, good-natured and a most amusing talker. His *Curiosities of Natural History* is already a classic.

There is a short letter from the ill-fated General Gordon, written to his brother, to whom he was devoted.

"Ever your affectionate brother, Charles," he writes. Gordon's tragic death in Khartoum on that January day of 1885 was entirely due to the obstinacy and procrastination of Gladstone and Sir Evelyn Baring—afterwards Lord Cromer—the British Resident in Khartoum. Gladstone refused to give orders to the War Office for the Relief Expedition to set out until it was too late. Had Lord Hartington's mental processes been on a par with his honesty and patriotism Gordon might have been saved even at the eleventh hour. But though Hartington, when he had formed a decision on any subject, acted firmly and quickly, he took a long time to make up his mind, and he brought Gladstone to heel too late. The Expedition arrived to find Khartoum fallen and Gordon murdered. His death resulted ultimately in a vast addition to the British Empire and, incidentally, a peerage for one of the two men chiefly responsible for it—Sir Evelyn Baring. Queen Victoria was furious. Strachey writes. "In her rage she despatched a fulminating telegram to Mr. Gladstone, not in the usual cipher, but open; and her letter of condolence to Miss Gordon, in which she attacked her Ministers for breach of faith, was widely published. It was rumoured that she had sent for Lord Hartington, the Secretary of State for War, and vehemently upbraided him. 'She rated me,' he is reported to have told a friend, 'as if I'd been a footman.' 'Why didn't she send for the butler?' asked his friend. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'the butler generally manages to keep out of the way on such occasions.'"

There is a letter from Lord Leighton which "cheats us of a sigh," reminding us as it does of how fleeting fame can be, especially the fame of the highly-paid artists of the 'seventies and 'eighties. In his day, Leighton—who was one of the handsomest men in London—was President of the Royal Academy, and a great social

lion. He charged two thousand guineas for a portrait and was considered—in England—a very great painter, an opinion with which he cordially agreed. He entertained brilliantly and everybody who was anybody was to be seen at his house. Who would buy a Leighton now? Who remembers even his name? He writes :

DEAR MRS. GOSCHEN,

It will give me great pleasure to avail myself of your amiable invitation for the 31st instant.

Meanwhile, believe me,

Most truly yours,

FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

The writing is very unusual, and, to a graphologist, would denote extreme vanity. The "D" in "Dear" is enormous—at least an inch high—and formed in a sort of geometrical pattern. The signature, however, except for the huge "L," is tiny. Well, many extremely nice people are inordinately vain.

One of Goschen's most charming traits was his love of children. He delighted in their gay company and was always ready to "play ball," as the Americans say. He must have been charmed with this letter. The little writer cannot have been more than seven years old. Had he given her the "ponney"?

BRASTED RECTORY,
SEVENOAKS, KENT.

darling chancellor.

I think you are so sweet and

good not to tax

My ponney moer than half.

I no quite well

what the ponney is going to be

like and i Must tell you agan how pleased i am

that you are so kind to Me and i wood like to kiss

you very Much if

you not Mind. i shoud like to be a chancellor

—— it must be very nice to be a chancellor

when i am grown up i will come and see you. Ciss

and elsy have seen you in the house of commons.

and we all love you very Much i am going to be an arstist

and when i come to see you i will paint your picture.

i can spel long words and not little ones. i shall
name my ponney *chancellor* and i shall ride My ponney
every day and thing of you

Your greatfull

Little friend

NORA RYND.

I wrote this letter all my self.
I shall keep your letter all my life
and give it my children.

A signature for which, when I was young, most boys would gladly have swopped many of their most treasured stamps, is that of the famous cricketer, W. G. Grace.¹ How eagerly they used to devour the "Cricket News" when he was playing and how disappointed they were when he failed to score. On such occasions at Eton, they sang the evening hymn which contains the line, "The scanty triumphs Grace has won", in mournful voices! Until quite recent times there was a shop in Cranbourne Street in the window of which was displayed the bat with which he made a thousand runs. Cricket, although nominally it still holds pride of place among English games, has to some extent lost favour. Most boys infinitely prefer football, and tennis is yearly growing in popularity. Modern tennis is better exercise than cricket; not only must the whole body be "fighting fit," but the brain must work with judgment and speed. And you can play tennis nearly all your life—the late Arthur Balfour played well until past seventy.

There is a letter to Goschen from Grant Duff, a well-known Liberal politician of his day. It is dated February 2, 1878; he writes:

MY DEAR GOSCHEN,

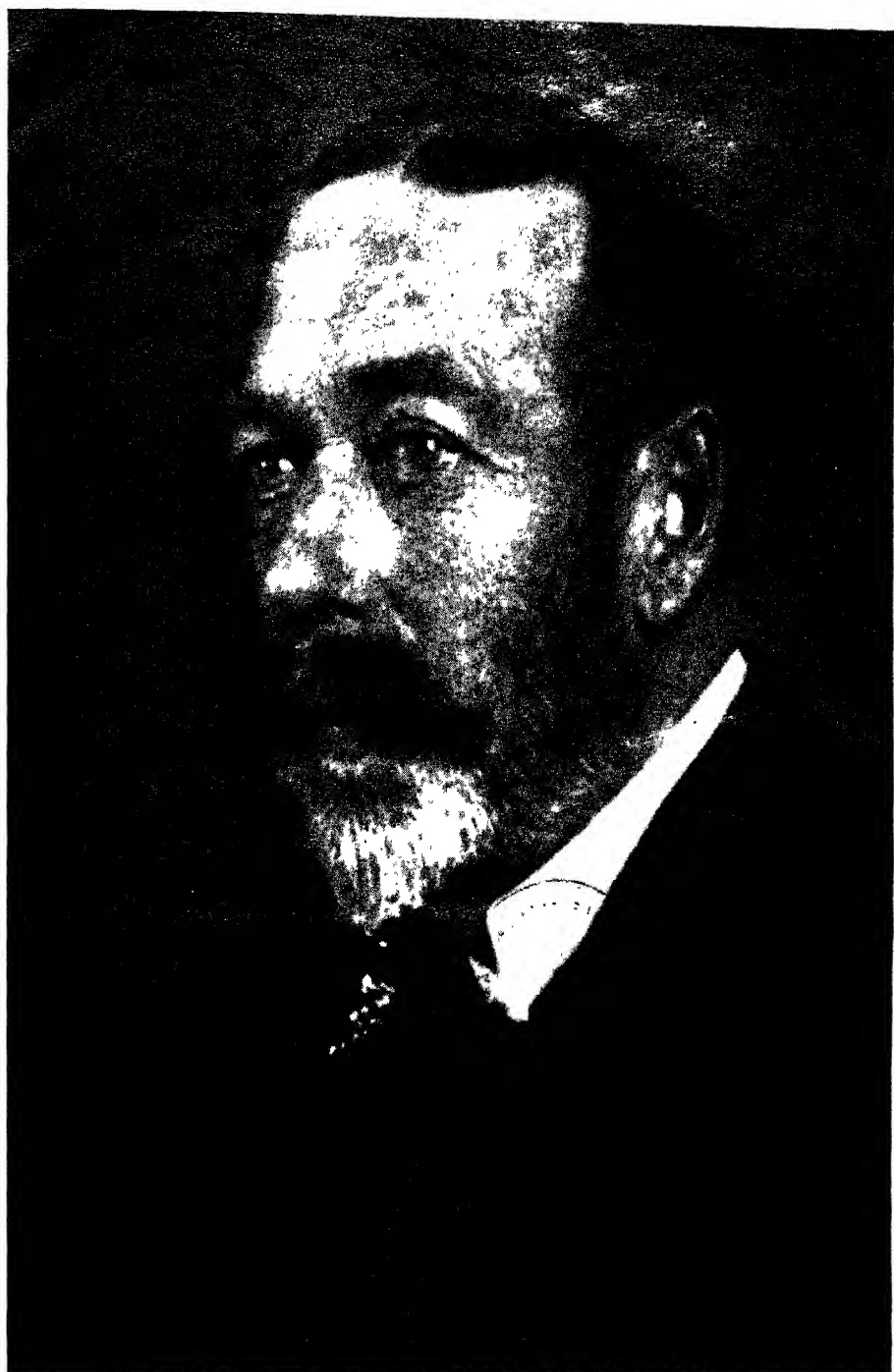
You must really let me give you joy on your performance last night. It was extraordinarily brilliant—like things one has heard told of Thiers, but unlike anything I have ever witnessed.

Very sincerely,

M. GRANT DUFF.

Although Goschen was not a born speaker, being handicapped by his extreme short-sightedness and—owing to chronic hoarseness a not very musical voice—on occasions he could hold his own with

¹ See signature, p. 182.



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

the best. In his Diary of 1878, January 29, he writes: "Very exciting politically and in every way. Meeting at Granville's at 12 to decide our course about votes of credit. Everybody except Harcourt and me quite enthusiastic about fighting the Government; Hartington hung back and almost resigned leadership, I back him. Row with Hartington."

January 31: "No one wants to speak first, things don't look comfortable. News from Russia bad."

February 1: "Worked at my speech all day after 12. I am not ready and feel incompetent. . . . Spoke. After five minutes I got the House under control and had one of my greatest oratorical successes. I was never more congratulated. Harcourt, Foster and Childers all very enthusiastic."

Goschen had worked hard to improve his oratory; in his day people expected their statesmen to be great speakers. In 1868 an old friend had written to him:

You must make style as style, and elocution as elocution [wrote Mr. Bernard Cracroft (October 8, 1868)], your study for some hours a day for *the next few years*. You know what practising means, for you play the piano, and you must practise . . . the very scales and rudiments of elocution. I know it is gall and wormwood to you, I know everything which is honest and upright in you, everything which is anti-Disraelian, rebels against the thought, but for your own sake and the country you really wish and are fitted to serve, you must do it. . . . In your speech as reported in the *Star*, evidently verbatim, I find three consecutive sentences out of four beginning with "Now," showing that you were quite at a loss to cover your sequences. Now sequence is one of the first elements—mechanical but essential elements, of anything that can be called oratory. You have plenty of artillery—you can make as big guns as Dizzy and your shells are quite unsurpassed, but you are absolutely and wholly wanting in rolling fire. Yet this is purely matter of drill and can be acquired. It is that *one thing*, and that *only*, which separates you from the first orators of the day and places you in the third rank with Lowe and Bright and Gladstone.

All this because "pride and prejudice" would not allow him "to study what is an art, but which you choose to consider artifice. On your part this seems to me a most distressing piece of littleness of mind."

His correspondent goes on at some length to point out the advantage

of acquiring "a repose and command of manner . . . the power of evolution—the habit of beginning quietly and expanding comfortably and with measured convenience to your audience what you want to say." The study of a measured delivery would help to strengthen the throat. Nothing affects the throat more fundamentally than unrhythmical agitation. Oh, laugh away! I speak *en pleine connaissance de cause*.

But nothing would induce Goschen to take lessons from a first-rate actor; he was afraid of becoming theatrical.

In looking at the letters and pages of signatures reproduced, it is interesting to note how often those of famous, or very well known men, are much larger than the rest of their writing. This is as a rule not owing to excessive vanity, but simply because they are quite naturally aware of their position in life. If, however, the size of the ordinary writing and the signature harmonize, it shows equipoise and a well-balanced character. A very large signature is always a sign of vanity and a desire to impress. The illegible signature may, as we have seen, be due to fatigue or carelessness, but at the same time, it denotes selfishness and a want of consideration for others. A really conscientious man will be as conscientious in small matters as he is in great.

CHAPTER XII

SOME EXTRACTS FROM GOSCHEN'S DIARY

GOSCHEN kept a diary—very intermittently—which throws a will-o'-the-wisp light on several of the personalities mentioned in these pages. He started it in 1878 during the trouble with Russia and Egypt.

Thursday, January 31—Goschen returned to London after a dinner at the Palmerston Club at Oxford:

Johnston, Harcourt, etc. Go and see Hartington as soon as I can. No one wants to speak first. Things don't look comfortable . . . News from Russia bad. To the House. Forster's opening conciliatory. Then a furious speech from Cross. On Hartington's challenge I make up my mind to speak next day. Went to Hayters' to dinner. Only the girls and Philip (Mrs. Hayter's sisters and brother). Arrived mad with anger at Cross's speech, and declared

I would insult him. Lucy (Mrs. Goschen) and Hayter went back to House and heard Bright make a beautiful speech. Sandon replied. What a contrast! Slept very badly indeed.

Friday, February 1—Worked at my speech all day after 12. Harcourt came in and gave me some points. I am not nearly ready, and feel incompetent. Fearfully difficult. Trevelyan opens—bad speech, too elaborate. Sir Robert Peel follows—coarse and not very good. Then Lowe. I got quite nervous, he spoke so hesitatingly. Home to dinner to refresh. Margaret and Agnes dined, and I made fun about my coming speech. Lucy went back with me to the House. Spoke. Beach followed me.

Saturday, February 2—Slept better after a desperately exciting week. Congratulations on speech . . . Wolverton called in the morning about row in the City. Dined at Ripon's, Hughes, Harcourts, Dicky Doyle and Browning, . . . obtrusive but amusing.

Thursday—The first night of the Debate. Forster was not very well backed. Disappointed at Hartington's not moving and probably (*illegible*), but he made no attack in the way of imputing a warlike policy to the Government. But Cross had prepared for this and opened on him in a furious speech. He was frantically cheered by Conservatives, who cheered him most when he said "there was a lying spirit abroad." Bright spoke later in the evening and made a fine statesmanlike speech not pitching into Cross which I vowed to do. The political point of Cross's speech was "the Russians are still advancing." The secrecy with which Russia is acting heightens our difficulty immensely. The spirit of the country is getting up and we are more and more getting into war. (?)

Friday—Still no news of signing of peace. It gets worse and worse. Trevelyan, Lowe, and Peel, early in the evening. After dinner Smyth, a stilted but beautiful speech. Bourke emptied the House, to my intense disgust. I hope at the last moment to get off but don't. After five minutes I got the House under control and had one of my greatest oratorical successes. I was never more congratulated nor more warmly even by men who scarcely knew me and the charm seems to have been my repartee in dealing with the Opposition. I hit Cross tremendously hard, but answered the Conservatives. It is a speech which will help me very much in the House, but Lucy and the speaker thought it too jocose, though I had a very earnest

peroration. Harcourt, Forster, and Childers all very enthusiastic. The papers next day called the debate dull. The House had emptied so.

Saturday—Still no news of armistice being signed. It is too extraordinary and most suspicious. Excitement gets more and more intense.

The Khedive of Egypt was giving a good deal of trouble at this time. On February 20 there is the entry :

Am now working to get the Khedive deposed if he won't give way. Final telegram. Prepared letter for the bond-holders.

February 20—All day Egypt. . . . Unsatisfactory interview with Tenterden. Everything appeared impossible to him. Less hope of Viceroy going before Congress. Hipped and tired. *21st*—Baring's Report published. *February* 24—Gladstone's windows broken. *March* 22—Egypt affair nearly settled. *28th*—Derby's resignation. *29th*—Morning with Rivers Wilson. Granville at 3. *30th*—News from Baring. Decree for Inquiry signed. *31st*—Thinking over speech calling out the Reserves. *April* 2—First coupon not likely to be paid.

On Monday, May 20, there was a debate concerning the vote for troops for India and as to how the Opposition should act. Goschen writes :

Shall we vote with the Government or stay away? Harcourt and I fought over Hartington's body. He yields to former. I am very cross, but it turns out for the best. Fawcett forces a division on the Speaker leaving the Chair against all our wishes. Hartington makes a good speech in favour of not opposing Government further. On this occasion *nearly all* the Liberals followed him and walked out. Vote carried by 214 to 40. I was uneasy and cross all night, doubting whether or not I could speak. Great rise in stocks. Egypt at 44. . . . Feeling amongst moderate Liberals that they must resist Fawcett and Co. but they won't.

June 5—Great excitement about Congress arrangements—to meet on 13th—Poor Salisbury, snuffed out by Beaconsfield going also. . . .

July 8—Disclosure of Treaty between England and Turkey. . . .

A week later Lord Beaconsfield returns to London, "bringing Peace with Honour," and is received with acclamation.

July 15—Talking over resignation of the City seat, to Granville, Wolverton and Lubbock.

After the middle of July the entries in the diary almost completely cease. The last is August 11, when Goschen "started with Gibbs for Paris" to attend, at the request of Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Monetary Conference there. Two days later he dined with the distinguished economist, M. Leon Say.¹

When it became known that Goschen was hesitating whether he should again stand for the City of London, the City wanted very much to keep him, but ultimately he accepted an offer to stand for Ripon. "I do not think," Lord Ripon writes him in November, 1878, "your opinion about the County Franchise would stand in your way. As you probably know I have followed Hartington on the subject ; but I am pretty nearly the greatest radical in Ripon."

Sometimes Goschen allows years to elapse without writing up his diary and then starts again with energy. In October, 1886, settled again at Seacox, he writes :

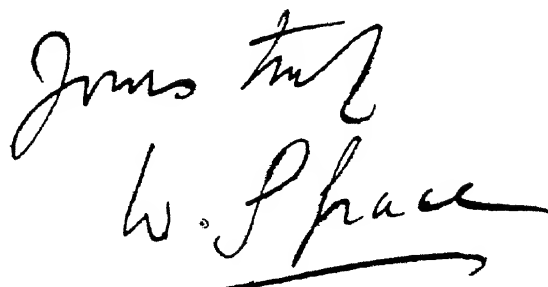
Very large crop of hops, i.e. $8\frac{1}{2}$ tons for $12\frac{1}{2}$ acres but price miserable. Pasture dried up. Wool higher 1s. Sheep sold badly, steers ditto : wheat a perfect failure. Oats satisfactory. Kaulbars behaving atrociously in Bulgaria. Speech of Gladstone to Irish Deputation. Radical Programme. Declined to speak on 17th January at Bradford Chamber of Commerce.

And on December 8, after a Liberal Conference at Willis's Rooms at which Lord Hartington presided :

Immense unanimity at the Conference. No awkward questions at all, and much cheering whenever statement was made that present Government must be supported. This meeting must have a great effect in strengthening Unionist feeling locally : Country Delegates delighted. I was *late* at the Banquet. Twice during my speech the whole audience stood up. Cynics like Revelstoke, Rothschild, James, etc. were delighted with my speech, though it was rather high falutin . . . I am writing a week after the Meeting and still am

¹ Elliot, *Life of Lord Goschen*.

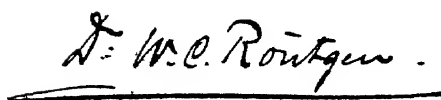
FACSIMILES OF SOME FAMOUS SIGNATURES



W. G. GRACE



PIERRE CURIE



DR. RÖNTGEN



G. MARCONI

quite hoarse. . . . Constant cold catching. Ems seems to have done me good. My memory seems to be failing ; and this makes me more indifferent as to getting into office, as I can fancy it might be very awkward. *A propos* of getting into Parliament the Conservatives don't seem to be doing much for me though some say they are playing fair. The local Conservatives wouldn't listen to the wish said to have been expressed by Churchill. . . . Things in Ireland look very black. Dillon's plans of campaign—I call “plans of plunder”—in full swing. I can't quite make out the tone of the Conservative Leaders as to putting down lawlessness. It is not quite satisfactory.

December 23, 1886—Randolph resigned—says on account of Estimates ! What will Salisbury do now ? Press Hartington probably. Fancy if Hartington had gone to India ! Fearful confusion ! *Standard* has no unless it was—sent information. Banquet to me in Edinburgh on hand.

For a long time after this the pages of the Diary remain of virgin whiteness. The next entry two years later—October, 1890—is :

Just before starting abroad I read a spell of Dizzy's novels, “*Tancred*”, “*Sybil*”, and “*Coningsby*”. . . . These started me on a historical phase, and I have read Lord John Russell's Life, Palmerston Records, and Melbourne papers, and I have spent one morning on my book. I felt the “licensing week” desperately, never so worried in mind since I was at the Treasury. . . . Have recovered a good deal and am now in fair condition.

October 7–13, 1890—Generally a lull ; much less parliamentary speaking ; and very little that is troublesome in newspapers. Civil Service fermenting still. The Excise Officers not satisfied notwithstanding the immense improvement in their salaries and prospects. Customs in a deplorable state. Post Office very mutinous. Sorters not yet satisfied. (The Guards were sent to Bermuda for mutinous behaviour in July and the Police mutiny was a most serious and alarming event.) The Government dock people have now got an inquiry into their pay : the whole relations between the Government and their servants are practically in a state of solution. Should I prepare a memo. thereon ? Financially the Revenue is going fairly, but money is very tight in the City. Consols lower than they

have been since I have been in office, and the Treasury Bills bear a higher interest—not very comfortable.

Later in the month there was financial trouble in the City.

Went to the Bank, things queer! Some of the first houses talked about. Argentine, etc., have created immense complications. Uncomfortable feeling generally. Money, the Governors say, not likely to get cheaper. . . .

Thursday, October 16—Consols down to 94 $\frac{1}{4}$. All sorts of rumours about the biggest houses. . . . Very uneasy about Customs management. Oh! for Milner. . . .

October 22—Gladstone's first speech in Midlothian. Not very damaging. Mitchelstown again! George [his son, the present Lord Goschen, who had been doing work at the Treasury as private secretary to his father] starts for Australia. *October 25*—To Bank of England about Treasury Bills: nearly 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —very annoying. Lidderdale is wanted to remain Governor and I don't think he is unwilling. I am to hope he may remain, on behalf of the Government.

Here is an entry written at the time of the Parnell case commenting on a debate in the House on it:

The Gladstonians began by saying that character had nothing to do with politics, but the Dissenters soon made a tremendous fuss. Liberal candidates declared they would not stand if Parnell remained leader. Meantime the Irish Party met, and Ireland declared unanimously that the Irish cause was lost without Parnell. The Roman Catholic Bishops remained silent. The Gladstonian wire-pullers seem to have told Gladstone that the Liberal party would be shivered unless Parnell retired. Accordingly on Tuesday, the very day Parliament met, a letter from Gladstone to Morley was written which practically meant that the party must choose between Parnell and him. He would not lead the Liberal Party unless Parnell retired; but this letter did not reach the ears of the Irish party who met in Committee Room No. 15 and unanimously voted for continuing Parnell's leadership. Justin McCarthy did not show them the letter (explanation very unsatisfactory). When the House met there was talk of nothing else; and the Address was voted at once. . . . The House up at 10.15 and we had expected a four days' debate! A good many of us dined with Smith

in his room ; then to the Jeunes by 11. They *were* startled at the news ! The Irish were called together again later in the evening. Fearful consternation among them. Parnell showed no signs of going—why ?

Wednesday, November 26—Dined with the Jeunes—pleasant. Sat between Mrs. Jeune and Mrs. Lyulph Stanley. Will Parnell beat Gladstone or not ? Betting rather on Parnell.

Here, unfortunately, the Diary fades out again.

CHAPTER XIII

LORD MILNER AND GOSCHEN AS CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD

IN February, 1884, Mr. Alfred Milner, who was then on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, became Goschen's private secretary. Goschen very soon recognized his extraordinary abilities and consulted him on every political question which arose. So greatly did Goschen rely on his judgment that a flippant journalist said after his—Goschen's—death : "Lord Goschen is now chiefly remembered by the fact that he had once had Lord Milner for his private secretary !"—a little unkind and more than a little untrue, for though Milner's brilliant financial ability was undoubtedly useful to Goschen, the latter contributed greatly in launching him on his successful career. They formed a close friendship and later on became neighbours at Hawkhurst. Here is a letter from Milner to the late Lady Goschen.

STURRY COURT,
STURRY, KENT.

14. 8. '09.

DEAR LADY GOSCHEN,

I was so *very* disappointed to get your telegram yesterday, as I have been greatly looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you here. Perhaps, if you are staying on at Benenden, and not going visits, I may still have that pleasure. I shall be away myself a good bit for the next fortnight, but less so in September. Do not trouble to answer this now, but if during the later month, which is in some ways pleasanter for motoring than this very hot and dusty

TELEGRAMS
STURRY.

14. 8. 09

STURRY COURT.

STURRY.

KENT.

Dear Lady Goschen

I was so very
disappointed to get
your telegram yester-
-day, as I have been
greatly looking forward
to the pleasure of
seeing you here. Per-
-haps, if you are

one, or even October, you could find time to come over, it would be very nice for us. I hope George¹ is not feeling overworked. He seems to have had a very busy time lately and the weather is not favourable to great activity.

Yours very sincerely,
MILNER.

Alfred Milner was one of the most remarkable men in that age of remarkable men, the Victorian age. His father was a North Country man and came of a Lancashire business family. "My father had twice my brains," said Milner, but his interests were too varied for him to make a great success at anything. His mother—who was several years older than her husband—was a woman of exceptional character and intelligence. She died when her son was fifteen. After her death he was brought back from Germany—where he had been at school—and sent to King's College, London, where he carried off nearly every possible prize in classics and won a scholarship at Balliol, which led to many other academic honours. His education finished, he took up journalism and turned his attention to politics. At that time he was described as "tall, dignified, aloof and old beyond his years." Not content with the honours he had already won, he read for the Bar and was called in 1881.

The following year he gave a series of lectures on Socialism and began to interest himself in social experiments in Whitechapel. It was through this that he became acquainted with Goschen, to whom—as Chancellor of the Exchequer—Milner's mastery of figures was invaluable. Goschen procured him a post in Egypt as Director General of Accounts, but finding himself lost without him, recalled him to England to take the position of Chairman to the Board of Inland Revenue. In 1897 Chamberlain asked him to go to South Africa, so he learnt Dutch in order to be able to talk to the Boers. He soon came to the conclusion that the trouble in the Transvaal would ultimately result in war. In 1899 he had a five days' discussion with Kruger, who said to him: "It is my country you want." He stayed in South Africa until 1901 and signed the Peace Treaty of Vereeniging. King Edward raised him to the peerage after the Boer War.

Milner left South Africa with empty hands and was obliged to take up financial work in the City. In the 1914 War, Lloyd George made him a member of the Cabinet and found him indispensable; he relied implicitly on his judgment when any important decision

¹ The present Viscount Goschen.

had to be taken. He was, too, a pillar of the Rhodes Trust. When nearly seventy, he married the widow of Lord Edward Gascoyne Cecil, as remarkable a woman as he was a man. After four years of perfect happiness at Sturry Court, he visited South Africa again, where he contracted sleeping-sickness and died after a short illness.

In the autumn of 1903 Goschen was invited to succeed Lord Salisbury as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Just before the election, Lord Rosebery allowed himself to be nominated, but withdrew his name as soon as it appeared that Goschen's election was certain. The choice was a popular one and congratulations flowed in. Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, wrote from Cambridge :

Pray accept, my dear Goschen, my warmest congratulations on this signal and most delightful honour! My dear Father sat next to Wellington in the theatre when he was installed, and if the truth must be told, was called in by the great soldier to correct certain false quantities, such as *Jacobus* and *Carolus*. Arthur¹ took me to the great scene at Lord Derby's installation, which no one who saw it can ever forget. And now hundreds of young men and their wives and sisters will remember through all their lives the homage so soon to be paid to yourself. It makes us all feel young again.

It did go off well [wrote Arthur Butler to Goschen (*November 13, 1903*)]. Those I have seen and talked to, felt that it was not only a very interesting historical occasion, but they approved their Chancellor, and they liked the man who lay beneath the Doctor's robes, and who spoke to them with naturalness and sympathy, as well as dignity, and seemed so full of vigour and vitality for the coming years. Even the little nervousness you speak of, which they noticed, had its charm. It was a mark of respect to the old greatness of the University, which coming from a tried statesman and distinguished orator, made them feel, what we are sometimes tempted to forget, that though we are small persons, the body we belong to is great. Oxford, with all its subtle charm of beauty, and its appeals to a noble side of human nature, is a power in the world. It is not all it should be. It is not always true to its ideal. But it does help to fashion great character and to produce famous men. And Oxford last Wednesday felt itself in sympathy with and proud of its Chancellor. . . .

The ceremonies of installation were interesting. They began at Seacox, where the University dignitaries wearing their robes marched

¹ Dr. Butler's brother and Goschen's lifelong friend.

round the hall and the Public Orator addressed Goschen in a Latin oration. In June, 1904, the new Chancellor, his train borne by his two grandsons, George Goschen and Dennis Roche, presided at Convocation in the Sheldonian Theatre. More speeches in Latin, and then the Chancellor introduced to the learned assembly the distinguished men who had come to receive the honorary degrees conferred on them by the University. Among them were Lord Tennyson, just returned from his post as Governor of United Australia. He had written to Goschen :

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER,
I-W.
May 24, 1904.

DEAR LORD GOSCHEN,

I thank you for your very kind letter and am rejoiced to accept your invitation for next month to receive the same degree and mark of honour as my father received almost fifty years ago.

It is a special pleasure to me that it is you, to whom I have looked up affectionately for so many years, should have submitted my name to the Council.

Yours ever,
TENNYSON.

As Chancellor Goschen was, of course, brought into contact with many foreign scientists, and it is amusing to notice their reluctance to attend in person to receive their degrees. Scientists are—or appear to be—nearly always modest. Most celebrities, one feels, would not be able even to spell the word ! But no one could accuse Pierre Curie¹ of a lack of modesty. He writes :

FACULTÉ DES SCIENCES DE PARIS,
PARIS *le 30 Mai*, 1904.

MONSIEUR,

Le Conseil de l'Université d'Oxford, me fait un grand honneur en m'offrant le grade de Docteur-ès-Science de cette université et je vous prie de vouloir bien transmettre au conseil tous mes remerciements.

Cependant je ne pourrai être présent à Oxford cette année. Pendant les mois de Juin et Juillet je suis occupé à la Faculté de Paris par des examens des élèves. De plus, je n'ai pas pu depuis que

¹ See signature, p. 182.

j'ai reçu le prix Nobel, faire une visite de remerciement à Stockholm, et je dois employer le premier congé dont je pourrai disposer à accomplir a voyage. Je ne puis donc accepter l'honneur que vous voulez bien me faire et je vous prie d'agréer, avec mes remerciements, l'assurance de mes sentiments les meilleurs.

P. CURIE.

Pierre Curie was the son of a doctor, and so shy and dreamy was he as a boy that his parents thought he would become a poet. He possessed a grave charm which was singularly attractive and although he dressed so badly as only a Frenchman can dress, he yet managed to achieve a certain elegance. He had very beautiful, sensitive hands. His wife, whom he married in 1895, was also a student of chemical science and from the first they devoted their whole time to work. Social life they loathed and both of them were so entirely indifferent to material comfort that their plainly furnished home contained only the barest necessities.

In 1894 Madame Curie became intensely interested in the radio-activity of pitchblende and from that time she and Pierre worked steadily on its analysis, until, in 1904, they achieved undying fame by producing radium. But their celebrity gave them no pleasure, indeed, they were comically embarrassed by the honours heaped upon them and the publicity of it all. Pierre's shyness had often offended people before he became famous. It is the custom in France for a new professor to make formal calls on his senior colleagues. This he could never bring himself to do and consequently when an appointment had to be made it was conferred on someone to whom place-seeking was less distasteful.

By many people the discovery of radium has been attributed entirely to Madame Curie. This was by no means the case. Except that it was she who first became interested in the properties of pitchblende, the discovery was a joint affair—they were partners in the truest sense of the word. Lord Kelvin followed their career with the greatest interest; it was he, I believe, who said that in science, when you double the known you quadruple the unknown.

Curie died characteristically. One day in April, 1906, he was crossing the road in his usual absent-minded manner, when he crashed full on the chest of a cart-horse. He clung dizzily to the animal for a moment, then, falling beneath its feet, was trampled to death. His wife carried on his work at the Institute of Radium.

Another famous scientist, Röntgen, the discoverer of the X-ray,¹

¹ See signature, p. 182.

was also prevented from going to Oxford to receive his degree. He writes in the funny, stilted German way, which reminds us of stiff bows from the waist and clicked heels.

MUNICH, 1904.

HIGHLY HONOURED SIR,

I convey to you my deepest thanks for your enquiry of the 6th inst., which was received here on the 22nd inst, but came to notice only yesterday morning, on account of the Whitsun holiday.

It would indeed be for me a particularly high honour, and would give me great pleasure, if the ancient and famous University were to choose me for its Honorary Doctor, and for that I should be most deeply beholden to it. My official duties here, both as Professor in the University and as President of a Society, prevent me, to my great regret, from attending at Oxford on the 27th of June. A Council held to-day has made it clear that it would be impossible for me to have leave of absence for a few days just at that time.

I beg you, Highly Honoured Sir, to excuse me most humbly on this account, and to give the assurance that only my duty prevents me from fulfilling the wish of the University of Oxford. Expressing my profoundest respect,

I remain, Highly Honoured Sir,

Yours faithfully,

DR. W. C. RÖNTGEN.

It was quite by accident that Röntgen made his famous discovery in 1886. He had kept some photographic plates in a room in which other experiments were being carried on, and found that they had become badly fogged, although protected from light. He saw at once that something unusual had happened and eventually traced the cause to radiation given forth by some discharge tubes and found that if he held his hand in the rays in front of a sensitive screen, a shadow of the flesh and underlying bones was shown on it. He named the rays—X-rays—because of the uncertainty of their nature. As soon as his discovery became known he was, of course, besieged by medical men from all over the world, who immediately realized the enormously increased power of diagnosis the X-rays would give the medical profession, when scientifically developed. Their hopes have been more than fulfilled.

Marconi¹ writes a charming letter, beautifully written in perfect English, to thank Goschen for honouring him with the degree of Doctor in Science. Unlike Curie and Röntgen, he is more than

¹ See signature, p. 182.

willing to receive his doctorate in person. So also is Lord French and Charles Booth, son of the famous founder of the Salvation Army. It gave Goschen particular pleasure to confer this honour on Booth, for he had never sneered at the work of the Army, as did so many statesmen and—particularly—dignitaries of the Church.

Goschen's old friend, Harcourt, writes from 22 Grafton Street.

DEAR GOSCHEN,

My son has shown me your very kind letter ; nothing could have given me greater pleasure than to have received in your Chancellorship the honour of D.C.L. at your hands. But for various reasons it is impossible for me to be present this year at the Commemoration. With many thanks for your kind consideration. I hope the Chancellor will one day visit us at Nuneham in mufti !

Yours very sincerely,
W. HARCOURT.

The office of Chancellor of the University is not entirely a sinecure. It calls not only for great knowledge of the world, of the men on whom honours should be conferred and of Oxford traditions. The Chancellor must have a real devotion to the interests of the University. Last—but not least—his Latin must be impeccable. Goschen had the art of expressing in a terse phrase the service to humanity or to art for which the honour was conferred—thus, to Marconi—“*Vir Clarissime, qui arte mirabili aetheris motus coegisti ut hominum sermonem per terras per maria ferant,*” etc., etc., and to the painter Sargent—“*Vir Spectatissime, in arte tua mirabilis splendide audax*”—and so on.

Goschen, who was passionately interested in education, took his position at Oxford very seriously. “The situation,” he writes, “is very critical ; the university man, non-academic not only in education but in feeling is exceedingly strong at present and I cannot help thinking that an onslaught on the older universities is very probable and the future will *not* be on what I should like to call ‘our side.’ I see many literary men going against public-school and university education.”

Prophetic words and very up to date !

Etiquette at Oxford was very strictly observed, as the following illustrates :

There is a letter from Hertford (College) I am inclined to refuse. I doubt whether as Chancellor I should perform any such ceremonial

for any college. I am a visitor of Hertford which might establish some distinction, but on the whole I think I had best abstain.

In any case I could not perform the ceremony in Commemoration Week. I must not be in Oxford then. The Vice-Chancellor must have full sway, while I could not be there incognito at such a time. As to whether I could lay the stone at some other time you might talk to the Vice-Chancellor and ascertain his opinion.

I think I ought to stick to the tradition of not going to Oxford *as Chancellor* except on exceptional occasions.

Among his old colleagues who wrote to congratulate him on his peerage were Sir William Harcourt and his old Rugby and Oxford friend, Arthur Butler. Harcourt wrote: "I write you a line to say how much I regret that you have thought it fit to leave the H. of C. Though we have had many political encounters my mind more gladly turns back to the days when I stood by your side in the Guildhall more than thirty years ago. Like sailors who have drifted apart, I do not forget that we once fought together at the same guns. I wish I could join you in retiring. Your party can with regret afford it. Mine is too short-handed to spare a single man at the ropes."

Butler congratulated him on being called to "the most august Assembly in the world. Once," he said, "I was present at a great debate there in the days of the Crimean War and remember Lord Derby's and Lord Ellenborough's eloquence—the latter speaking on the theme of 'the terms to be offered to the Russians,' which he urged in a splendid voice, should be such as an enemy could accept with honour. They may be dull in that august Assembly at times; but they can be really great at other times. I am very glad also that you keep your old name. A Lord—or Lord—(*pace tuâ*) need not mind having their old name merged in a new title; but your name is a part of history and should continue. . . ." "It is amusing," he continues, "that you and Lord Cranbrook should be at once neighbours, connections and Oriel men."

These last years of Goschen's life were passed very happily at Seacox. In a letter to Lady Hayter written in August, 1902, he writes: "I find my days too short! People say to me, how can you get through your time? I have always so much to do that I cannot get through it at all; not always interesting or enjoyable things, but still things I wish to do. There are so many books that interest me, even if they are not good. The Georges and other relations are with me. Seventy-one! I analyse myself rather too much and know exactly in what respects I am strong, and in which there are some signs of age, but I really ought to be content in these respects."

Again in the same year at Christmas :

"I must send you a few thoughts on Christmas Day—just a whiff of remembrance. What limitless memories charter round it when one is 71½ ! (This is not speaking of old age. It is only recalling an infinite number of years.) How everything is changed ! Of the elder party, Mrs. Vaughan,¹ and I alone are here. Brothers and sisters and innumerable 'in-laws' as we call them, all have their own houses, their own gatherings ; so I live in the next two generations. The Georges, the Willis's and the Roches are here, and nine grandchildren (all nice children, I am glad to say)—I am glad to say I have quite finished my book, which Murray does not wish to come out in the middle of the Christmas season, as to which I am inclined to think him wrong. Shall I embark on another book ? Who knows ? I have my ideas."

He did embark on another book—his *Economic Essays*, in which he worked out at length his theories regarding exports to colonies, foreign competition and other questions touching national finance.

On his seventy-fourth birthday he wrote to Lady Hayter :

"Seventy-four ! But I have considered myself seventy-four for some time past. I cannot class myself among the 'evergreens !' There is an autumn tint upon me, but not quite leafless winter yet."

He was a great reader and was particularly fond of French novels. "If the curate at South Hill recommends you any other really good French novels, pray let me know, but I did not admire *Deux Amours*, which I think he lent you," he wrote Lady Hayter, and in another letter :

I have been to the libraries to lay in a store of books. Two vols. of the "Life of Erasmus", Wallace's "Russia" for Maude, two German novels for both of us, two old novels of Miss Ferrier recommended to me by Molly Alderson for Lucy and me, and one or two more. I have your "Tresse Blonde" for French, I have not read it yet. . . . Your list of proposed reading, Arnold's "Essays" and Newman and Froude's book, is rather *heavy*, I wonder whether you will go through with them. . . . They told me at the London Library that the late Bishop of Winchester used to read a great many French novels and that the Bishops have been pulling hard at their stock of novels lately.

So Archdeacon Grantley was not alone in his taste for French fiction !

¹ His sister.

Perhaps one of the best things he ever said was contained in a letter to this favourite correspondent :

Livelihood is not a life. Education must deal with your lives as well as qualify you for your livelihoods. It must do more for you than enable you to win your bread, out-strip your neighbours, increase your business and enable you to marry and bring up a family. I want education to ennoble, brighten and beautify your lives.

Goschen never lost his interest in political questions. Speaking of his son,¹ he was able to say—"George's speech" (in the House of Commons on the fiscal question) "is a very good one. What a situation : and Austen Chamberlain says no crisis ! but of course there is a crisis ; and now Rosebery !! What a man ! Such a card to give your opponents to play ! Am looking over old letters. Publisher says my new book is going very well. I wonder in these days anyone should care to give 15s. for it. It seems to me too dear."

As life had been kind to Goschen, so also was death, which came to him like a thief in the night. He did not know that with the end of his life-work an era was also drawing to an end ; nor could he know into what perilous seas the Ship of State which he had helped to man, was drifting. Had he lived until 1914 he might well have sighed with Burke, when thinking of the high ideals for which he had striven :

"Dreams, dreams, that mock us with their flitting shadows."

¹ The present Viscount Goschen.

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The Editor has also drawn on his own books
of social reminiscences.

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